3519
247
20
py 1

Denison's Royalty Plays

Mary's Millions

by

Frederick G. Johnson

T. S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago
Price 50 Cents

Plays for Schools and Colleges

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN
By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AFTER THE GAME
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 2 acts; 1 male, 9 females. Time, 1¼ hours. Price, 25 Cents.

ALL A MISTAKE
By W. C. Parker. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF POLLY
By Harry L. Newton. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 10 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AS A WOMAN THINKETH
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 9 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 14 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE CLASS SHIP
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Commencement playlet; 3 males, 8 females. Time, 35 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

CLUBBING A HUSBAND
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A COLLEGE TOWN
By Walter Ben Hare. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 9 males, 8 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE DEACON ENTANGLED
By Harry Osborne. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AN EARLY BIRD
By Walter B. Hare. Comedy in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE FIFTEENTH OF JANUARY
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 11 males, 10 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE GRADUATE'S CHOICE
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Commencement playlet; 12 females. Time, 35 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers
154 West Randolph Street CHICAGO

MARY'S MILLIONS

OCT -8 1920

MARY'S MILLIONS

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY

FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF

"At Harmony Junction," "The Battle of Rollin' Bones," "Foiled, By Heck!" "Gimme Them Papers!" "Good Morning, Teacher," "It Might Happen," "The School of Detecting," "Such Ignorance," "The Press Agent's Handbook," etc.

"A Laugh's the Wisest, Easiest Answer to All That's Queer."

—*Moby Dick*

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

PS 3519
.O247 M3
1920

Please Read Carefully

THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE-RIGHTS in this play are strictly reserved and all applications for its use should be addressed to the publishers. Amateurs may obtain permission to produce it on payment of a fee of fifteen dollars ($15.00) for each performance, in advance. Correspondence on this subject should be addressed to T. S. Denison & Company, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Attention is called to the penalties provided by the Copyright Law of the United States of America in force July 1, 1909, for any infringement of the owner's rights, as follows:

SEC. 28. That any person who willfully and for profit shall infringe any copyright secured by this Act, or who shall knowingly and willfully aid or abet such infringement, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment for not exceeding one year or by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or both, in the discretion of the court.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY FREDERICK G. JOHNSON
CALL RIGHTS RESERVED

©CLD 55729

MARY'S MILLIONS

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Men.

JACK HENDERSON.....
A Civil Engineer for the Consolidated Air Line.

JIMMIE BARNES.....
His Friend from New York, Who Deals in Stocks and Hearts.

EZRA STONEHAM.....
Mary's Uncle and Guardian; Storekeeper and Postmaster.

ABIJA BOGGS.....
A Human Flivver; He Can Do Anything.

COUNT VICTOR DE SELLES.....
Another Reason for a Protective Tariff.

Women.

MRS. JANE STONEHAM.....
Ezra's Better Half, Who Has Ambitions.

EUDORA SMITH.....
The Stonehams' Hired Gal.

COUNTESS LOLA DE SELLES.....
The Right Kind of a Sister for Victor.

MRS. AMANDA MUDGE.....
Wedded to Her Ouija Board.

BETTY BARLOWE.....
The School Teacher at Rocky Hollow.

MARY MANNERS.....
A Ward of the Stonehams, and an Heiress to Millions.

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR.....

PLACE—*Rocky Hollow, a New England Village.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two and One-quarter Hours.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. *Inside the Rocky Hollow Post Office and General Store.*

ACT II. *The Strawberry Festival on the Village Green. That evening.*

ACT III. *Same as Act I. Two days later.*

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

JACK—Aged 25. Country raised and college bred. He makes no effort to conceal his rural origin. And his speech and manner both reveal his natural ruggedness. Honest and straightforward, assertive in everything but his love affair with Mary. Flannel shirt, open at the neck; khaki breeches or corduroys; high laced boots; old felt hat, for Act I. White flannel trousers, dark blue jacket and Panama hat, for Act II. Optional for Act III.

JIMMIE—Aged 25. A breezy, slangy, happy-go-lucky "city" type; sometimes irresponsible, and always looking on the lighter side of life, but essentially a fine young fellow, and a faithful friend. Outing suit of mixed goods (or with knickerbockers and golf stockings if preferred), quiet plaid cap, low shoes and silk socks, for Act I. White serge or Palm Beach suit (or similar costume to Jack's), with stiff straw hat, for Act II. Any informal suit for Act III.

EZRA—Aged 50. Tall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered, of sour disposition, and totally bereft of spunk until his self-emancipation in Act III. Wrinkled, ill-fit-

ting clothing, and dingy shoes; generally appears without his coat. Is afflicted with a high collar and an ancient Prince Albert coat in Act II. Pale make-up; spectacles.

ABIJA—Aged 60. Old in wisdom, but young in spirits; he generally conceals his shrewdness beneath a self-assumed rustic stupidity, because he enjoys laughing and being laughed at. The character should be played in such a manner that its strength gradually and consistently develops, reaching a winning climax in the final act. His affection for Eudora is something that is understood rather than expressed. He is always kindly and lovable, even when he strives to be fierce. The part affords limitless opportunity for the skilled and sympathetic character actor. His costume throughout the play includes an old, faded denim shirt, with the cuffs rolled back; an old vest, only partially buttoned, so that he can easily turn it back to reveal the badge which is pinned inside; patched trousers, tucked into cow-hide boots; slouch hat. Hale and hearty make-up, with few wrinkles; semi-bald or gray wig; smooth-shaven or short gray goatee.

VICTOR—Aged 35. A hot-house product. Generally bored, and when in action, too effusive to be sincere. Generally looking to Lola for instructions as to his next move. Incapable of thinking or acting independently. Wears cutaway coat, striped trousers, patent leather shoes, gray spats, silk hat, for Act I. Always carries a cane, and wears a flower on his lapel. Evening clothes for Act II. Same, dirty and bedraggled, for Act III. Short mustache and goatee.

JANE—Aged 45. Her effusive manner fails to con-

ceal the egotism, selfish ambition and grasping nature which actuate her in everything she does. She is fond of assuming a dignified and cultured bearing which is anything but natural. Thin lips and a determined jaw betray the heartlessness which expresses itself in her treatment of Mary, and her abuse of her too-patient husband. Her costumes are a trifle extreme, and not in the best taste. Details optional.

Eudora—Aged 35. A rural spinster whose life has not been happy enough to keep her from being sarcastic and suspicious. But her tartness is semi-artificial, and everyone likes her for her quickness of wit and goodness of heart. She is neither handsome nor homely. As the head of a household, she has possibilities. Properly played, the character will have a vague touch of wistfulness that is felt rather than noticed. Hair combed straight back and knotted. Plain gingham dress, for Acts I and III. Gala costume, country style, for Act II.

Lola—Aged 28. Her beauty is of the type that is dashing rather than ingenuous. Winning but worldly, her appeal to the eye does not win the heart. She is suave and resourceful, but she is a bit too smooth to be wholly genuine. Handsome travel costume, with vanity case and parasol, for Act I. Stunning evening gown for Act II. An informal costume for Act III.

Mrs. Mudge—Aged 40. A well-meaning, motherly soul, who has recently become addicted to spirits of the ouija variety. She expects all others to share her fervor, and is riding her hobby to the speed limit. This has made her so self-centered that she is rather difficult to endure. Black silk dress, and bonnet trimmed with jet, throughout the play.

BETTY—Aged 22. She has plenty of good common sense, but she hasn't quite outgrown being a youngster, and the result is pleasing and attractive. Simple but fetching summer dresses for Acts I and III. Conservative evening dress with a bright colored scarf, or entire Romany costume, for Act II.

MARY—Aged 20. Irresistibly winsome, but always struggling against her natural inclination toward Jack because of the feeling that she must obey her aunt in all things, which Jane has been drilling into her for years. This conflict between her own impulses and her aunt's domination must be clearly registered, in order to create the complete sympathy which is essential. Summer traveling suit for Act I. Evening gown for Act II. Dainty informal summer frock for Act III.

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR—Their number is optional. They appear only at the opening of Act II. Costumes and make-up, diversified country style.

(NOTE—This play is most successful when all the parts are played in legitimate, realistic fashion, so that its characters appear as real human beings, and not burlesque clowns. Heart interest, which is all-important, will be sacrificed, if laughs are striven for too hard. Strive always to create an atmosphere of reality, in action as well as in setting.)

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

JACK—Pipe and tobacco; matches; telegram.

JIMMIE—Fifty-cent piece.

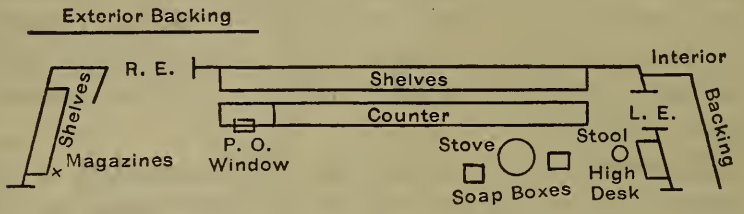
EZRA—Telegram; coat to put on.

BOGGS—Large pocket knife; soft pine stick to whittle; mail-sack; handsome traveling bags; buggy whip; constable's badge; handcuffs and keys.

VICTOR—Cane.
EUDORA—Broom; dustcloth.
LOLA—Long envelope with certificates.
MRS. MUDGE—Ouija board and planchette.
BETTY—Handkerchief.
MARY—Pearl necklace.
MEMBERS OF CHOIR—Sheets of paper for music.
For stage props, see descriptions of settings.

SCENE PLOT.

ACTS I AND III.



ACT II.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

MARY'S MILLIONS

The First Act.

Scene: *Interior of the post office and general store at Rocky Hollow; a "kitchen" or "rough interior" set may be used. At the right of the rear flat an outside door, swinging in, reveals a glimpse of landscape. It is equipped with an old-fashioned bar which drops into place to fasten, but the door remains open except at the close of Act I. Up left in the side flat a doorway leads into the residence portion of the building. This door may have a curtain, or may remain entirely open. Against the rear flat are shelves containing general store commodities, such as canned goods, cracker tins, etc., and a number of empty pasteboard boxes. A similar one contains a pair of leather shoe laces. A short distance in front of the shelves is a store counter extending nearly the entire distance between the two doors. At the right end is a post office pigeon-hole rack. A few grocery supplies are thrown carelessly on the counter. Down left a high, sloping desk stands against the flat, with a high stool. On the desk are ledger, ink well and pen. Down stage, left of center, is an old-fashioned "air-tight" stove, with a couple of empty soap boxes nearby. Against the right flat is another tier of shelves containing store goods. On clips hung to this fixture, or on a sales rack down right, is a magazine display. Hanging on a wire or rope stretched across stage overhead are a number*

of market baskets, oil cans, milk pails, etc. The stage is further dressed with several flour barrels, a rack of brooms, a plow or cultivator, etc. On the walls are several farm implement agency signs, a large insurance calendar showing the month of August, and a country sale poster. Off stage, right, is a pair of cocoanut shells for hoof-beat effect.

(*In dressing this set it will be well to enlist the co-operation of a local grocery store and a hardware store. There are many dummy displays furnished to grocers which are light and easily handled, and very effective. Many business houses gladly lend the required articles in exchange for a credit line on the program, reading: "Stage properties for Acts I and III by courtesy of ———," etc.*)

The curtain rises upon BOGGS *and* EUDORA. BOGGS *is seated on a box slightly down stage from, and to R. of the stove. He is whittling industriously.* EUDORA *is sweeping a few small empty boxes and crumpled papers out from behind L. end of counter.*

BOGGS.

Makin' a lot o' dust, ain't ye, Eudora?

EUDORA.

(*Tartly.*)

No. I ain't makin' it. I'm jest gettin' rid of it. (*Looks at* BOGGS.) Never see so much trash around this here store in all my life.

BOGGS.

(*Looking up at her.*)

Hey? Oh, you mean all this here mess on the floor. (*Whittles faster than ever.*) Yep. It sure is the untidiest place I seen in a long while.

EUDORA.

Abija Boggs, you lay claim to knowin' somethin' about playin' checkers, don't you?

BOGGS.

Waal, I cal'late as how I do. Oh, you mean it's my move, eh? (*Chuckles.*) Eudora, you do say the durndest things! Ain't we a couple of cut-ups? (*She takes the stick from him and starts to put it in the stove.*) Hey, girl, leave that there stick be! I spent pretty nigh an hour findin' that piece of white pine. (*Takes it from her.*) Women is the extravagantest critters! (*Folds knife and puts it with stick in hip pocket.*)

EUDORA.

Say, ain't you got nothin' to do but lay around the store all day?

BOGGS.

I ain't layin' around the store. I'm layin' around the post office. Haw, haw! How d'ye like that?

EUDORA.

I don't like it for a cent, if you ask me.

BOGGS.

That ain't no nice way to talk to a customer.

EUDORA.

You ain't a customer. You're a pesky nuisance. (*Resumes sweeping.*)

JIMMIE *enters unnoticed, R. E.*

BOGGS.

(*Chuckling.*)

Oh, Eudora, you do say the durndest things! (*Sees* JIMMIE.) Hello, Mr. Barnes. How's stocks and bonds today?

JIMMIE.

(*Cheerfully.*)

Well, when I get another customer, that'll be one, anyway.

BOGGS.

Folks around here don't cotton to New York finance, I reckon. Patent fly trap or a spavin remedy is peddled easier in this neck o' the woods. Must be kind o' slow for a city feller, ain't it?

JIMMIE.

Slow? Why, say—I've been having more excitement since I landed here than they did the night Rome caught fire!

BOGGS.

Sellin' stocks and bonds?

JIMMIE.

Well—no.

BOGGS.

Nope. Guess not. When a up-an'-comin' young feller lays down on the job an' puts a bright future behind him an' jest moons around like a sick calf—

JIMMIE.

What do you mean?

BOGGS.

Oh, nothin'. Only peddlin' paper ain't always as excitin' as chasin' calico.

JIMMIE.

You better stay in out of the sun. When I go after a side partner, she's going to be a live-wire lady from a high-tension town. No corn fed beauties for mine. No, old boy, you've got me all wrong. I kind of like this down on the farm stuff. Just taking a little vacation—that's all.

BOGGS.

(*Nodding his head.*)

Yep. Vacation—like a cow's hind foot! (*Shrewdly.*) I know all about these financiers. They work while you sleep. You're playin' for the party with the millions. (*Winks wisely.*) Oh, I got chuh, Steve, I got chuh!

JIMMIE.

(*Eagerly.*)

Millions? Say—honest—is there anybody in this one-horse town that has a million dollars?

BOGGS.

Sure. Lots of 'em. Lots o' millions, I mean; not lots o' people.

JIMMIE.

What's his name, and where is he?

BOGGS.

(*Deliberately.*)

His name ain't a him. It's a her. And she's in New York. But, say young feller, you'll have a tough time—

MRS. MUDGE *enters, R. E. She has an intense manner that sweeps everything and everybody aside, and her neighbors have learned to give way to her.* BOGGS *resumes whittling.*

MRS. MUDGE.

Oh, Mr. Stoneham! Mr. Stoneham! Is the mail in yet?

EUDORA.

(*Indifferently.*)

No, ma'am, the mail ain't in yet, an' neither is Mr. Stoneham. He's down to the deppo.

MRS. MUDGE.

This is a fine post office!

BOGGS.

(*Placidly.*)

Yep. Ain't it. Keeps stamps, an' everything.

MRS. MUDGE.

(*Angrily; to nobody in particular.*)

And exposed to the insults of all the village loafers! I'm going to report it to the postmaster general! (*Exit, R. E., in a huff.*)

BOGGS.

Say, Mr. Barnes, did she mean you, or me?

JIMMIE.

(*Laughing.*)

Why, she must have meant you.

BOGGS.

(*Laughing with him.*)

'Zat so? I kind o' figgered she meant you. I didn't do nothin'.

EUDORA.

(*Bringing broom from behind counter.*)

For once, you're both right! (*Points to door.*) Now beat it, you lazy hayseed, and do your rail splitting outside!

BOGGS.

(*Chuckling, pockets knife and stick, and starts for door.*)

Eudora, you do say the durndest things! (*Exit R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

What's the matter, sister? Been drinking lemon juice?

EUDORA.

I ain't your sister. If I was, I'd drink sulphuric acid!

JIMMIE.

(*Tolerantly.*)

Well, well!

EUDORA.

Two holes in the ground—and both empty—like some folks's heads!

JIMMIE.

Don't blame Abija. He means well.

EUDORA.

I didn't say nothin' about Abija Boggs. I can take care o' him.

JIMMIE.

Hm. So I've noticed. Say, Eudora—

EUDORA.

Miss Smith, if you please!

JIMMIE.

Quite so, Miss Smith. Abija was talking about somebody around here who has a million dollars. He said it was some lady who—

EUDORA.

Well, it must be some other lady, so 'tain't no use makin' no love to me.

JIMMIE.

Aw, sister, listen here. I don't want to make love. All I want is just—

EUDORA.

All you want is the million dollars. I've read books, I have, about these slick rascals from the city.

JIMMIE.

You've got me all wrong. What's the name of this million-dollar doll? Maybe I could sell her something.

EUDORA.

Yes, and maybe she could hand you something. Say, if you're on the lookout for a simple little milkmaid, or something like that, you'll overlook her. She ain't interested in gold bricks. She's been brung

up in the city, and knowed more'n you do afore she started.

JIMMIE.

(*Scratching his cheek reflectively.*)

I don't seem to be getting very far with you.

EUDORA.

Ain't many folks that does get very far with me, if anybody should ask you.

JIMMIE.

I just asked you a simple question.

EUDORA.

Simple is right.

Enter JACK, *R. E.*

JIMMIE.

Well, then, a civil question.

EUDORA.

(*Seeing* JACK.)

A civil question? Ask your friend. He's a civil engineer. I'm busy. (*Turns attention to arranging stock, etc.*)

JACK.

Hello, Jimmie! What are you doing here?

JIMMIE.

(*A little out of patience.*)

What does it look as if I'm doing? Losing my heart to the village vampire? I'm waiting for the mail.

EUDORA.

Humh! More like waitin' for the female, if anybody should ask *me!*

JACK.

Eudora, do you figure you can find me a pair of good tough shoe-laces in this big department store?

EUDORA.

I might, if I looked for 'em. Then again, I mightn't. (*Starts searching through boxes on shelves.*)

JACK.

(*To* JIMMIE.)

Busted one of these new rawhide laces plumb in two, running a line over beyond the ridge. Jimmie, old boy, this Consolidated Air Line right-of-way is sure tough on the feet. But it'll be a great line when it's finished.

JIMMIE.

Oh, cut out the shop talk for a minute. I want you to help me find a girl.

JACK.

Ain't losing your old skill, are you, Jimmie? Looks to me like you found several on your own hook since you been here. Been having a scrap with the little school marm?

JIMMIE.

Nix, nix! This is a certain party I'm looking for.

JACK.

Well, who is it? I know everybody around here. I'll introduce you.

JIMMIE.

That's the funny part. These yaps won't— (EUDORA *drops a large box on the floor and looks daggers at* JIMMIE, *who turns and looks, laughs good-naturedly, and continues.*) These folks won't tell me who she is. Seem to think I'm going to climb the porch and steal her costly jewels, or something. Said she was worth a million dollars. And here I am—the well known Jimmie Barnes, stocks, bonds and preferred securities—hanging around here, not taking in anything but the sights, and with a cus-

tomer in view that I might make enough commissions on to buy myself a yacht! All they'll tell me is that Stonehampton has a millionairess among those present, and when I ask them who it is, they give me the jolly razz. Say, Jack—are these goofs kidding me—or what?

JACK.

(*Seriously, and somewhat depressed.*)

No, old man, they ain't kidding you. She's worth millions, all right. (*His face lights with enthusiasm.*) And believe me, pardner, she *is* worth millions —and then some!

JIMMIE.

(*Whistles in surprise.*)

Whew! Then she isn't just some old maid party, with a few pennies hid away in a sock? I thought they were handing me the well-known bunk. But don't stall me the way these birds do. What's her fair name and address, and all that sort of thing?

EUDORA.

(*Interrupting.*)

Here's y'r shoe laces, Mr. Henderson. Sorry I couldn't seem to find 'em no sooner.

JACK.

Thanks. I hope they last longer than the last ones. (*Pays for purchase.*)

JIMMIE.

(*Going toward him.*)

Listen, Jack—

EUDORA.

(*Guilelessly.*)

Looks kind o' like rain, don't it, Mr. Henderson?

JACK.

(*Looking through outside door.*)

Hanged if it doesn't! I'd better hike across and— (*Starts to go.*)

JIMMIE.

Wait a minute, old timer. I want to ask you—

JACK.

Left my instruments standing out. I'd be in a fix if they got soused. Reckon we'll have to talk about that some other time, Jimmie. (*Exit hastily, R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

(*Looking after him.*)

Well, I'll be—(*Turns to* EUDORA). Say, what is this—a conspiracy in restraint of trade?

Enter BOGGS, *R. E.*

EUDORA.

Does look kind o' showery, don't it, Mr. Barnes.

JIMMIE.

(*Exploding with impatience; turns suddenly.*)

Oh, rats! (*Exit, R. E.*)

BOGGS.

Haw, haw! Eudora, you do say the durndest things! What's Jack's friend so all fired peevish about? (*Pulls up a box by the stove, sits, and starts whittling.*)

EUDORA.

You started it.

BOGGS.

Me?

EUDORA.

Tellin' him about Mary's millions, an' not sayin' who she was.

BOGGS.

Oh, didn't I tell him it was old Stoneham's niece that had the spondoolicks?

EUDORA.

No. An' he pestered the life out o' me to find out.

BOGGS.

Well, why didn't you tell him?

EUDORA.

He's too durn fresh. That's why! Then he asked Jack, an' I switched *him* off before he could tell him. That feller ain't sold no stock sence he got here, and now he's found they's somebody that has money, his curiosity is bustin' him wide open. Serves him right, the big—the big—yap!

BOGGS.

Waal, he'll find out, soon enough. Mary'll be comin' back some o' these days, they say. When Miz' Stoneham left town she said she was goin' to New York to see Mary finish her eddication at the varnishin' school.

EUDORA.

Finishin' school, you punkin-head; not varnishin' school!

BOGGS.

Why not varnishin' school? Ezry says they sent their niece there to get a good polish. My, my! Who'd ever have thought that those wuthless pasture lands old Pete Manners had down in Texas would ever spout ile an' give his daughter hundreds of dollars—

EUDORA.

Hundreds? Millions, you mean—three million dollars.

BOGGS.

Waal, what's the difference? (*Looks off R.*) Hello, here comes the old man now. And he ain't got no mail sack.

EZRA *enters, R. E.*

BOGGS.

Mornin, Mr. Postmaster. What's the matter with the U. S. mail?

EZRA.

Train's late. Say, Bije, as the leadin' an' only hack driver in this here metropolis, you better hustle your old skate down to the deppo. Special party gettin' off. She'll be in afore long. Just got a tellygram.

BOGGS.

(*Rises.*)

Do tell! Who's the extinguished visitor?

EZRA.

Got no time for chewin' the rag. Don't be late for the train.

BOGGS.

More city folks, I'll bet a doughnut. Waal, business is business. (*Puts knife and stick in hip pocket, and exit R. E.*)

EZRA.

(*Calls out the door.*)

Don't forget to fetch the mail sack, Bije!

BOGGS.

(*Off stage.*)

Giddap, gal!

(*Hoof patter off stage, fading rapidly.*)

EZRA.

Eudory, I jest got a tellygram from Miz' Stoneham. She'll be in on the flier.

EUDORA.

Lands sake! I ain't got the dishes done yet.

EZRA.

Well, you better get a move on. (EUDORA *starts for L. E.*) Wait a minute! (EUDORA *stops and turns.*) Mary's comin' with her.

EUDORA.

(*Delightedly.*)

What? Mary comin' back? Why, I ain't seen her

for near two year? My, my! I got to get the place all red up. (*Starts again.*)

EZRA.

Wait a minute. (EUDORA *stops.*) She says—she says—(*fumbles in vest pocket and finds telegram.*) She says, "Prepare for guests," (*to himself*) an' that means I can't set around the house with my boots off. (*To* EUDORA.) Well, what you waitin' for? I'll mind the store. (*Starts working at ledger at high desk, L.* EUDORA *exits L. E.*)

BETTY *enters, R. E.*

BETTY.

Any letters for me, Mr. Stoneham?

EZRA.

Mail ain't in yet. Train's late.

MRS. MUDGE *enters, R. E.*

BETTY *amuses herself casually at the magazine stand.*

MRS. MUDGE.

Mail come in?

EZRA.

(*Without looking up.*)

Nope.

MRS. MUDGE.

I never saw such service! Well, I must go back to my psychic research. I've just had the spirit of Jesse James on the ouija board, and he gave me a wonderful message—simply *wonderful!* (*Exit R. E.*)

EZRA.

(*Turns to* BETTY.)

Crazy as a bedbug!

BETTY.

(*Laughing.*)

Don't you believe in spirits, Mr. Stoneham?

EZRA.

I believe in sperrits, but I ain't seen none sence the country went dry. (*Resumes work at ledger.*)

JIMMIE *enters, R. E.*

JIMMIE.

Hello, Betty.

EZRA.

(*Without looking up.*)

Huh?

JIMMIE.

I mean Miss Barlowe. I thought I saw you come in. I want to ask you something.

BETTY.

(*With a trace of embarrassment, and glancing at* EZRA.)

Oh—do you? Well, er—

EZRA.

(*Looks at them keenly, then sniffs, as if to indicate his contempt for flirtations.*) Hm! Guess they won't be no customers till the mail's in. I'll go an' see what the hired girl's up to. (*Exit, L. E.*)

BETTY.

(*Somewhat in a flutter.*)

What was it you wanted to ask me—Jimmie?

JIMMIE.

Why, it's about a girl. I'm looking for a girl.

BETTY.

(*Miffed.*)

And you can't find one? *Mr.* Barnes, you *have* my sympathy. And you want me to help you find her, I suppose?

JIMMIE.

(*Missing her sarcasm.*)

Sure, That's the big idea.

BETTY.

(*Indignantly.*)

Well, I never!

JIMMIE.

(*Seeing his blunder.*)

Listen, girlie, you've made a miscue. What I want is just to—

(*Hoof patter off stage.*)

BOGGS.

(*Off stage.*)

Whoa there, gal. Here we be, folks!

EUDORA *enters, L. E., with broom in one hand and dustcloth in the other. She hurries excitedly across towards R. E.*

EUDORA.

They've come, Mr. Stoneham, they've come! Hurry up and see Mary! (*Just inside R. E., looking out, she stands on one foot, nervously rubbing her ankle with the other.*)

JIMMIE.

Well, if life isn't just one blanked interruption after another! (*While* JIMMIE *is speaking,* EZRA *hustles on from L. E. He is struggling into his coat, to which he is obviously unaccustomed.*)

EZRA.

Hey, Eudory, stop scratchin'! Hain't you got no comp'ny manners? (*Exit R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

(*To* BETTY.)

Looks as if we're just in time for the convention. Wonder who the conquering hero is?

BOGGS *enters, R. E., laden with mail bag and all the luxurious traveling equipment he can carry. He puts them down and goes out again, R. E.*

MARY.
(*Off stage.*)

Hello, Uncle Ezra.

MARY *enters, R. E.*

MARY.

Hello, Eudora. (*Embraces her.*)

BETTY.
(*Forgetting all about* JIMMIE.)

Mary!

MARY.

Betty, you darling! (*They run to each other and embrace.*) Oh, my dear, I'm so glad to see you! Why weren't you at the station?

BETTY.

Didn't know you were coming till I saw you this minute. Why didn't you write?

MARY.

I decided suddenly to come back with Aunt Jane. And she invited some friends of mine to come back with us—Count De Selles and his sister, Countess De Selles.

BETTY.

Count De Selles? He sounds French!

MARY.

He'll sound Frencher than that when you hear him talk. (*Aside to her.*) Who's the attractive man over there? (*Indicates* JIMMIE.)

BETTY.
(*Feigning indifference.*)

Him? Oh, just some friend of Jack's. But where's the French count?

MARY.

Bother the Count! He's outside somewhere, I

suppose, with Aunt Jane. (*Eagerly.*) Where's Jack?

BETTY.

O-ho! It's Jack you came back to see, is it?

MARY.

Of course not, silly! I just wondered.

BETTY.

But my dear, how stunning you are! And that pearl necklace—it must have cost a fortune.

MARY.

(*Idly fingering the necklace.*)

Oh, I suppose; ten thousand or something like that. I forget.

BETTY.

Imagine! But the money hasn't spoiled you—you're the same old darling girl. (*Puts arm around her affectionately.*)

BOGGS *enters with more baggage, from R. E.*

BOGGS.

They do say he's a real live count!

JANE, VICTOR *and* LOLA *enter.* EUDORA *watches* LOLA *with awestruck interest.*

JANE.

(*To* MARY.)

Oh, here you are, dear. You are not forgetting your guests? (*To* VICTOR *and* LOLA.) And this, Count, is the post office.

VICTOR.

(*Visibly bored.*)

Ah, ze post office. How intairesting!

EZRA *enters, R. E., and during the ensuing dialogue stands effacingly in the background, betraying*

uncertainty and uneasiness. After a few moments he shrugs his shoulders, thrusts his hands in his pockets and exits L. E.

LOLA.

Ah, oui! Is it not, my brozair? Very—what you say?—picturesque!

MARY.

Countess De Selles, Miss Barlowe—my very best friend.

BETTY.

It is a pleasure.

MARY.

Betty, allow me to present Count Victor De Selles.

VICTOR.

(*Bowing low over* BETTY'S *hand.*)

Ze delight most exquiseet!

JANE.

And now shall we enter our humble home? Perhaps, Countess, you wish to rest?

LOLA.

(*Artfully hooking her parasol in* VICTOR'S *pocket and drawing him away from* BETTY.) Ah, well, Madame, ze journey does make ze fatigue. (*To* VICTOR, *significantly, and raising her eyebrows.*) Is it not so, my brozair?

VICTOR.

(*Reluctantly.*)

Ah, oui. It would be ze delight.

JANE.

(*Grandly, to* EUDORA.)

Eudora, you will assist Boggs with the—er—luggage. Come, Mary. (*She goes toward L. E., followed by* LOLA *and* VICTOR.) You will understand, of course, Count and Countess, that we live here in unpretentious surroundings that are in keeping with

the humble sphere in which we live, and I fear you will find it very different from the gay life to which you have long been accustomed in the large cities of the world—

(JANE, LOLA, MARY *and* VICTOR *exeunt L. E.* VICTOR *is very assiduous in his attention to* MARY *as they go out.* BOGGS *and* EUDORA *follow with baggage.*)

JIMMIE

(*Mimicking.*)

It is ze delight most exquiseet!

BETTY.

Oh, Mr. Barnes. Are you still here?

JIMMIE.

Sure, I'm here. Why didn't you run me in to be identified?

BETTY.

(*Artlessly.*)

How thoughtless of me! You did seem interested in the Countess. But I guess you'll find a way. You generally do.

JIMMIE.

Oh, come now, Betty. You know there's nobody at all like you. But there *was* something about her—

BETTY.

(*Sniffing.*)

So I noticed. Good afternoon, *Mr.* Barnes. (*Starts toward R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

(*Starting after her.*)

Wait a minute, Betty. I didn't mean anything. But you'll have to admit that the Countess sure does look like a million dollars—(*Exit* BETTY, *R. E., with her chin in the air.* JIMMIE *struck by a sudden thought.*)

A million dollars! (*Stands in silence, with his mouth open, scratching his cheek with his forefinger. His face lights up suddenly, he smiles and snaps his fingers.*) JACK *enters, R. E.*

JACK.

Say, Jimmie, what's all the excitement? Somebody trying to get a ten-dollar bill changed?

JIMMIE.

No. We've been staging the return of the wife of the merchant prince, alias Mrs. Ezra Stoneham.

JACK.

Is that all?

JIMMIE.

No, not quite all. She's brought her niece back with her. Never knew she had a niece before. Nice looking girl, too. And listen, Jack—

JACK.

(*Interrupting.*)

You say Mary—Mary has come?

JIMMIE.

Sure. I guess that's her name. (*Looks at* JACK *wonderingly.*) Why—

JACK.

(*To himself.*)

Mary!

JIMMIE.

(*Still looking at* JACK.)

O-ho! So that's it, is it? (*He grins knowingly.*)

JACK.

Cut it out, Jimmie. We played together when we were kids. That's all.

JIMMIE.

You seem to remember it pretty well.

JACK.

(*Still half lost in thought.*)

Yes, I do remember it—pretty well.

JIMMIE.

(*Cheerfully.*)

Well, nobody's dead. (*Slaps* JACK *on the back.*) Cheer up, old kid, and go to it. (*A thought comes to him and he becomes suddenly serious.*) Say! You'd better not lose any time, at that!

JACK.

What do you mean?

JIMMIE.

She's brought a French count back with her. He looks like a head waiter, and he talks like a bottle of seltzer.

JACK.

A French count? Well, I might have expected it.

JIMMIE.

Say, stand over by the stove. Your feet are cold.

JACK.

You don't understand, old man.

JIMMIE.

That's right. I've never been in love. But, oh man, you ought to see the baby sister that the Count brought along. Ooh-la-la! (*Blows a kiss from his fingers.*) Some baby!

JACK.

Thought you kind of liked the little school teacher.

JIMMIE.

Betty? Oh, she's all to the good. But we're just good friends. When it comes to matrimony, no tall grass girlie is anything in my young life. I'll pick my soul mate among the bright lights.

JACK.

(*Following his own line of thought.*)

Gee, I'd like to see Mary!

JIMMIE.

Well, why don't you bust in (*nodding to door L.*) and see her?

JACK.

What? With all that swell company, and me in my working clothes? I'd make a hit, I guess—not!

MARY *enters L. E. and stands just inside the door.*

MARY.

Jack!

JACK.

Mary!

JIMMIE.

(*Taking himself by the coat lapel.*)

This way out, brother. (*Exit R. E.*)

MARY.

(*Advancing to* JACK *with outstretched hand.*)

Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to see you. (JACK *has gone eagerly to her and starts to embrace her. She pushes him gently away.*) But you must remember, we aren't children any more.

JACK.

(*Humbly.*)

I'll try to remember that, Mary.

MARY.

(*Looking down at her hand in his and wondering whether to withdraw it.*)

I missed you when we got here.

JACK.

(*Pleased.*)

Did you, honest? If I'd known you were coming, I'd have headed the reception committee. I'd have

built a big arch across Main Street, with letters ten feet high, saying, "Welcome home!" I'd have—(*sighs deeply*). Gee, I'm glad you're back! Going to stay with us now?

MARY.

I—I don't know. Aunt Jane invited some acquaintances of mine to come back with us.

JACK.

Hm. So I hear. Say, Mary—how about this French count? Does it mean—anything?

MARY.

(*Not quite at her ease.*)

Why, Jack! What a funny question. I don't know what you mean.

JACK.

I mean—well, with all your new friends, and your money, and living in New York, and all, I wondered if things were—the same as they used to be?

MARY.

(*Hesitating.*)

Well—lots of things are changed, of course. Things are never as they used to be, I suppose. It's a very different world, you know, when you have three million dollars to live up to.

JACK.

Hm! I suppose so.

MARY.

(*Brightly.*)

But we're still good friends, aren't we?

JACK.

Friends? Is that all we are?

MARY.

Why, yes. Of course. What more could we be?

JACK.

Well, I used to kind of think—you said once—

MARY.

Oh, don't be silly, Jack. We aren't children any more.

JACK.

That's right. You're an heiress now, with a society education, and I'm just a roughneck surveyor. And it don't look like I'll ever get the hayseed combed out of my hair.

MARY.

(*Struggling to change the subject.*)

I don't believe you're very glad to see me, after all, or you wouldn't want to quarrel.

JACK.

Not glad to see you? If you only knew how I've been thinking about you, and waiting for you, and longing for you—

JANE *enters L. E.*

JANE.

Mary, your guests are inquiring about you.

MARY.

Oh, I'd forgotten all about them. (JACK *is pleased but* JANE *shows open disapproval.*) Come along, Jack, and meet a real live count.

JANE.

(*Reprovingly.*)

My dear, how can you speak so flippantly of the nobility?

JACK.

I guess I can wait. Don't seem to have much of a hankering for counts right now, somehow.

JANE.

(*Aside to* MARY.)

How many times have I told you, child, that this affair with Jack Henderson must stop? You know we have very different plans for you. (*Aloud.*) You forget, my dear, your guests are waiting for you.

MARY.

(*With resignation.*)

All right, Aunt Jane. (*Exeunt* JANE *and* MARY, *L. E. As* MARY *goes she drops a large pearl necklace near the stove.*)

JIMMIE *enters R. E.*

JIMMIE.

Say, Jack, where's the imported calico?

JACK.

(*Listlessly.*)

Still in the custom house, I guess. (*Nodding toward L. E.*)

JIMMIE.

Come on, old man, snap out of your gloomy trance. Let's go down to the "deppo" and watch the trains go by. I need excitement.

JACK.

(*Sits on a box, takes a pipe from his pocket and fills it.*)

No, thanks, Jimmie. I'm going to do patrol duty right on this sector.

JIMMIE.

(*Laughing.*)

Gee, but you're hit hard! (*Exit R. E.*)

VICTOR *enters L. E. Looks around the floor as if searching for something. Finds necklace, stoops and picks it up. Sees* JACK, *looks significantly at him, smiles to himself, slips necklace in pocket and exits*

L. E. JACK, *busy lighting pipe, does not observe the incident.* JACK *puffs deeply, in a brown study.* MARY *enters L. E. Upon seeing* JACK *she laughs gaily.* JACK *rises.*

MARY.

Oh, what a joke! I came out here to find a suspicious character—and I found *you!*

JACK.

Well, I guess I'm suspicious, all right. I've got a lot of suspicions.

MARY.

I thought I dropped my necklace out here, and the Count said he would look for it. He came back and reported that he couldn't find it, but that there was a "suspicious character" in the store. And here it was you! (*Laughs again.*) You didn't see my necklace, Jack?

JACK.

(*Looking around.*)

Why, no, I didn't even see the Count. That's funny. It must be around here somewhere.

MARY.

Never mind. Maybe I dropped it in the house. (*Starts L.*)

JACK.

(*Putting out his hand.*)

Don't go, Mary.

MARY.

(*Hesitating.*)

Oh, I must. Auntie's waiting for me—

JACK.

Maybe I'm all wrong. But I've got a queer hunch. You know, Mary, three million dollars is a whole lot of money—

MARY.

(*Annoyed.*)

I must say you're thinking a lot lately about that old three million dollars!

JANE *enters L. E.*

JANE.

Mary. (JACK *turns away.*) Did you find it?

MARY.

Find what, Aunt Jane?

JANE.

Why, your necklace, of course. And you're neglecting your friends shamefully.

BOGGS *enters R. E.*

JANE.

We'll be late for the festival if you don't hurry. It takes you as long to dress as it does some folks (*looking at* JACK) to know when they've outstayed their welcome!

MARY.

Very well, Aunt Jane. (MARY *and* JANE *exeunt L. E.*)

BOGGS.

Jumpin' grasshoppers! Looks like somebody's been gettin' the old girl all riled up. Ezry has my sympathy. An' ain't she high an' mighty, though, sence she captured that there duke?

JACK.

They say he's a count, Bije, not a duke.

BOGGS.

Well, all foreign wild animals looks alike to me. They all put the same kind o' perfume on their hair. Say, Jack, goin' to the strawberry festival tonight?

JACK.

Guess not, Abija.

BOGGS.

Better come. Goin' to be the greatest doin's sence the mill dam busted. Speeches, grub—an' I've wrote the welcome song for the community choir. A leetle

out of my line, but the boys down at the deppo says it's the best I ever done—an' I been choirmaster of Rocky Holler for fifteen year. Bein' as you got a college education, I'd like to have your opinion—if you care to come.

JACK.

Thanks, but I guess not. It's pretty far to go—alone.

BOGGS.

Won't have to walk a gosh durn step. I'll call fer ye an' fetch the hack right smack up to the gate.

JACK.

That's awfully kind of you, Abija. But say—not butting into your private affairs—how do you ever make a living out of that hack?

BOGGS.

Waal—when you get right down to brass tacks, I cal'late I don't make a powerful sight. Nobody never pays me nothin' but you an' your friend Jimmie. I reckon I do it more for the excitement than anything!

EZRA *enters L. E.*

EZRA.

Waal, folks, closin' up the store f'r the night. Got to get ready to take the folks to the strawberry festival.

BOGGS.

(*Starting for R. E.*)

That's right. The more the merrier. Sorry you won't jine us, Jack.

JACK.

(*Following* BOGGS.)

Say, Bije, I seem to have kind of changed my mind. Guess I'll take a look at the high jinks, after all. (*Looks toward L. E. as though thinking of* MARY.)

(JACK *and* BOGGS *are both at outside door.*)

BOGGS.

All right. I'll call around f'r ye a leetle later. (JACK *and* BOGGS *exeunt R. E.,* JACK *leaving in one direction and* BOGGS *in the other.*)

JANE *pokes her head in the door L. and then enters.*

JANE.

Well! I thought that lazy fellow would never leave! Ezra, we've got to look sharp. If we don't put a stop (*strikes her fist into her palm*) to love's young dream in a hurry, Jack Henderson is going to get Mary and her three million dollars, and all my plans for the dear child's future will have gone for nothing. The shameless young fortune hunter!

EZRA.

How about this here count? Think he loves her for herself alone?

JANE.

(*With grand superiority.*)

Well, good things come high. A title would be worth the money. (*Smiles proudly to herself.*) Oh, to be of the nobility—a countess for a niece—to go to Paris—!

EZRA.

(*Sourly.*)

Yep—an' that perfumed pansy f'r a nephew. Reckon he'd make her happy, Jane?

JANE.

A woman can be happy with *any* man. Look at me!

EZRA.

(*Resignedly.*)

Waal, mebbe you're right. But I won't give my consent. (*Goes to R. E. and closes door.*)

JANE.

You don't need to.

EZRA.

Why?

JANE.

Count De Selles has just asked for Mary's hand in marriage and has received consent—

EZRA.

From Mary?

JANE.

(*With complete self-satisfaction.*)

Not at all. From me!

(EZRA *slams the bar into place across the outside door, R., then turns and looks in amazement at* JANE, *who stands complacently C., tapping her finger-tips together.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

MARY'S MILLIONS

The Second Act.

Scene: *The strawberry festival on the village green; wood or informal garden drop, with wood wings. A small marquee or square lawn tent of striped material, with the opening toward the audience, stands up center. On or near it is a cardboard sign, not too well painted, reading, "Past, present and future, 50c for the new church organ." At the right of the tent is a light folding chair. A rustic park bench is down left. Across the stage, overhead, Japanese lanterns are strung picturesquely. (Christmas tree electric lights may be used inside the lanterns. Whatever illumination is used, be sure that it complies with the fire laws.) Green floorcloth. Grass mats, flowers and plants, set bushes and stumps are used to dress the stage. (This set does not require full stage unless desired. By hanging the drop in three, rear flat of first set may be masked without striking it, and scene changes thus facilitated.)*

The curtain rises upon Boggs, Jack, Eudora *and* The Choir, *with* Eudora *as one of the singers.* The Choir *is singing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and not singing it any too well. The group is formed in a diagonal line, single or double rank, C., so that the members are three-quarters facing the audience.* Eudora, *in a prominent place, is singing conspicuously off key.* Boggs *stands down stage, in front of and facing* The

CHOIR. *He leads the singing with a long buggy whip, which he waves violently.* JACK *is seated on the bench, suppressing a smile. After a brief moment of singing,* BOGGS *stops the choir by violent gestures and striking his whip on the stage.*

BOGGS.

(*Shouting.*)

Whoa! Whoa! Be ye critters singin' this here spasm accordin' to the way it's wrote, 'r jest makin' it up as ye go?

EUDORA.

Hanged if I know, Abija. These here notes I got look like they were carved out with a axe, 'r wrote with a tooth brush. Now I think we ought to of took a grand operatic see-lection—

BOGGS.

Took a which?

EUDORA.

Grand opraw.

BOGGS.

We'll make enough grand uproar. Try ag'in, folks. Now, watch out f'r holes in the road. Giddap! (CHOIR *starts singing and he stops them as before.*) Whoa! Eudory, how does that last part go?

EUDORA.

(*Singing off key.*)

Tee, diddle-de dum dum, tee diddle-de dum dum, tee diddle-de dum dum, dee!

BOGGS.

(*Proudly.*)

Waal, Jack, how does she step off, fust time?

JACK.

(*Concealing his amusement.*)

I never heard anything like it.

BOGGS.

Not so bad, eh? Might-a done better if I hadn't been so all-fired rushed. Lots of words I couldn't think of when I wrote it.

JACK.

Why didn't you consult Noah Webster?

BOGGS.

Couldn't. He was over helpin' Hank Stebbins get in his hay. (JACK *laughs.*) Hello, here comes some folks to the festival and we ain't done practize-in' yet. Come on, choir. Let's go over yonder an' whoop 'er up a leetle more.

CHOIR, *with* EUDORA, *exeunt up R.*, *as* JANE, EZRA, MARY, VICTOR *and* LOLA *enter down L.* JACK *is about to go to* MARY *when he sees* VICTOR. JACK *turns disappointedly and joins* BOGGS, *who is following the choir.*

JANE.

Mr. Boggs, I would like to speak with you —(BOGGS *and* JACK *stop*)—alone!

(*Exit* JACK *up R. During the ensuing dialog,* VICTOR *is assiduously devoted to* MARY *in pantomime that is a little overdone.* EZRA *awkwardly tries to interest* LOLA *in the festival, and* LOLA *likewise is too demonstrative to be sincere.*)

BOGGS.

Choir ain't ready to do its singin' in public yet, Miz Stoneham. We got to do a leetle more practize-in'—

JANE.

I don't want to listen to the choir, Abija Boggs. I want you to listen to me. A robbery has been committed. You must find the thief.

BOGGS.

(*Throwing back his vest, revealing badge and striking an attitude.*)

The constabule is on the job! What's been swiped an' who done it?

JANE.

Mary has lost her ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklace. It disappeared this afternoon.

BOGGS.

Do tell! Any clews?

JANE.

No. All genuine pearls.

BOGGS.

(*Confidentially.*)

Miz Stoneham, you come to the right man. I'll find the jools.

JANE.

You'd better! A ten-thousand-dollar necklace is not picked up every day.

BOGGS.

(*Going R.*)

Waal, I'll pick 'em up, all right. But fust I got to pick up a clew. (*Exit down R.*)

VICTOR.

(*To* MARY.)

Eet ees all very—what you call—fascinating; zis festeeval.

JANE.

But you have not yet been all over the grounds. I am sure Mary will be glad to take you and introduce you to all her friends. Won't you, Mary?

MARY.

(*Without enthusiasm.*)

Yes, Aunt Jane.

(JANE *motions significantly to* EZRA *to go with them.*)

EZRA.

Reckon I'll stroll along an' see who's here.

(*Exeunt* MARY *and* VICTOR, *followed by* EZRA, *down R.*)

JANE.

(*Looking after them.*)

How happy the young people are! (*Gushingly.*) A true love match. But doesn't it sadden you to lose your brother?

LOLA.

Oh, madame, I do not lose ze brozair. Eet ees zat I gain—(*checks herself*)—I gain zee sweet leetle sistair. (*Sighs.*) I am veree happee.

JANE.

Yes, we are all very happy. It is a brilliant match. But—well, you know they say true love never runs smooth.

LOLA.

Oh, my dear madame, what has happen?

JANE.

Nothing. I am afraid of what may happen.

LOLA.

(*Uneasily.*)

But—what can happen?

JANE.

Mary is—well, she is young, and flighty. She does not always know what is best.

LOLA.

But you have arrange for what ees best, *n'est ce pas?*

JANE.

I must speak plainly, if we are to understand each other. Mary's millions are very attractive, you know.

LOLA.

(*Alarmed.*)

But—no gentleman would ever sink of—ze money! Oh, *jamais de la vie!*

JANE.

That is just it. No gentleman would. But Mary has had a silly, childish romance with a—an impudent young fortune hunter. He is persistent, and—well, she is only a child. It is very annoying.

LOLA.

And zis young fortune huntair—

JANE.

You have seen him. (*Looks off R.*) Wait. There he is now, with one of his disreputable companions, waiting to impose on Mary with more of his impudent nonsense, I suppose.

LOLA.

(*Following her glance.*)

Ah, yes. You spik ze truth. Zey are indeed bourgeois. For such a pairfect lady as la petite Marie—oh, eet ees horrible to think!

JANE.

(*Insinuatingly.*)

Now, if there were some way of—well, creating a diversion, you know. He is such a rustic simpleton—really—

LOLA.

Madame, I have what you say—ze grand idea! Pairhaps—but put your trust in me—I shall—what you call—"create ze divairsion!"

JANE.

(*Gushingly.*)

Oh, Countess, you are so clever! (*Exit up R.*)

LOLA *stands for a moment, chin on hand, thinking. Then, hearing some one coming R., exits briskly down L.* JACK *and* JIMMIE *enter down R.*

JIMMIE.

Here's the tent, all right. (*Looks inside.*) Betty said she was going to be the gypsy queen tonight. She must be late. (*Looks off L. and lowers his voice a little.*) Hello, there goes the million dollar doll. (*shakes* JACK *playfully.*) Come on, old hoss, listen to the birdies sing. You haven't lost Mary yet.

JACK.

You don't know what I'm up against. I haven't a chance.

JIMMIE.

(*Banteringly.*)

Well, you *are* a sad lover! I doped you for a mud horse with Dan Cupid up. Why, kid, it's always heavy going with a bunch of lace like Mary. And you go and quit cold; want to be at the finish in front of the grandstand before the barrier drops. Listen, bo. That's the bunk. If I was entered in this event I'd have you looking like a badge horse carrying a safe.

JACK.

Oh, it's all right for you to talk. You don't love anybody.

JIMMIE.

Righto! Girls are nothing in my young life. I wonder where Betty is.

JACK.

(*Ruefully.*)

I know where Mary is, all right. Come along, we'll look Betty up.

JIMMIE.

Can't do it. Business first. That's me all over.

JACK.

What do you mean, business?

JIMMIE.

(*Pointing off L.*)

Here comes the countess, and here's where I cut in.

JACK.

Keep away, old man. I don't like the looks of that outfit.

JIMMIE.

Oh, I'm wise, I'm wise. Of course I'll snag the count's game if I can. But this is business.

JACK.

Are you crazy?

JIMMIE.

Roll your hoop, young fellow. No use trying to keep any secrets back on li'l' Jimmie.

JACK.

I give it up. Guess I'll look around and see if Mary's shaken that fellow yet. But watch your step. (*Exit up L.*)

LOLA *enters down L. and sits on bench, arranging herself with conscious care to achieve a catchy pose, but not seeming to have noticed* JIMMIE. JIMMIE *stands up C. and watches her while pretending not to notice. Then he pushes back his hair, sets his collar, etc., and makes several starts at speaking to her, but does not know how to begin. After a moment she drops her fan. He rushes forward to pick it up. As he gets it she stoops and instead of picking up the fan she touches the back of his hand. He gives the fan to her.*

LOLA.

(*Graciously.*)

Oh, sank you. Sank you so much!

JIMMIE.

(*Looking at the back of his hand, as if her fingers had left a pleasant mark.*)

Oh, er—you're quite welcome. (*Strives for something to say.*) I, er—you, er—that's a very pretty fan.

LOLA.

Zis? (*Shrugs.*) Oh, eet ees nossing. I have many of zem.

JIMMIE.

I'll bet you have. I mean—have you? (*She looks at him wonderingly.*) I mean—do you? (*Noting her quizzical expression.*) It's a warm night for a strawberry festival, isn't it? I'll bet the ice cream's soft already.

LOLA.

(*Laughing good-humoredly.*)

Oh, you American men! You are so funny! (*He is taken aback.*) You are so, what you call, intairesting.

JIMMIE.

(*Feeling better.*)

Think so? Oh, quit your kidding!

LOLA.

Kidding? What is zat, kidding? A kid ees a little goat, *n'est ce pas?*

JIMMIE.

(*Balked at the French.*)

Oh, yes; assuredly. And I'm the goat, I guess.

LOLA.

(*Laughing.*)

You funny man! But for why do you make me laugh?

JIMMIE.

(*Half to himself.*)

But for why do I? That's what I'm wondering.

LOLA.

I should not spik to you. Eet ees not propair.

JIMMIE.

But everybody's supposed to know everybody around here. Now, I have some giltedged propositions that I would like to offer you—

LOLA.

And beesides, any friend of Meess Marie should be likewise a friend to me. Ees eet not?

JIMMIE.

It is not. I mean, surest thing you know. I have a couple of specially good things, ground floor chances, and I've been waiting to meet you—

LOLA.

I have wondaired why we did not mek ourselves acquainted.

JIMMIE.

Did you, really? So did I.

LOLA.

Ze fairst time I see you, I say to myself, oh, zere is one man which I could like to have for a frien'.

JIMMIE.

Well, countess, you've got me. You've *got* me! Any time you need any financial advice—

LOLA.

Je ne comprends pas.

JIMMIE.

What? Oh, no savvy? Never mind. Guess I'm working too fast.

LOLA.

Yes, you spik too fast.

JIMMIE.

That's what I mean. Well, er—how do you like America?

LOLA.

Your country eet ees so beeg! Eeet mek me lonesome—until zis evening! (*Moves over, as though unconsciously, to make room for him on the bench.*)

JIMMIE.

It *was* kind of lonesome before, now that you speak of it. It's a nice evening, isn't it? (*Sits timorously on bench.*)

LOLA.

(*Observing his response with crafty satisfaction.*)

Oui. Ze evening ees beautiful. And eet ees all ze more beautiful, when one ees not alone.

JIMMIE.

I'll say it is. I'm a sociable sort of a bird, myself.

LOLA.

(*Leaning toward him.*)

Zen you weell be my frien'? My veree good frien'?

JIMMIE.

Countess, I'm such a good friend of yours already that you can forget you ever had any others. (*Puts his arm along back of bench.*) You can trust me in anything. And if you want any live tips—I can give you the low-down on some first-class propositions—

LOLA.

What do you say?

JIMMIE.

Too fast, too fast! I mean, am I speaking too fast?

LOLA.

I do not undairstand. But you are so fascinating! And to sink zat I should have meet you here, like zis—and zat we are so veree good frien's, from so far apart—

JIMMIE.

Isn't it wonderful? The world isn't so big after all. (*Moves closer to her.*) Yes, it's a small world.

BETTY *enters down R.* JIMMIE *glances across and sees her as she comes on. She looks at* JIMMIE *and* LOLA *a moment, in great surprise, then goes into tent.* JIMMIE *is very uncomfortable.* LOLA *has not observed* BETTY.

JIMMIE.

(*Drawing away from* LOLA.)

It's a very small world. Sometimes it's too darn small to be convenient. (*Searches in his pockets.*) That's funny. I seem to have lost something. Something very valuable. Maybe I dropped it near that tent. (*Rises.*) Will you excuse me a moment, Countess?

LOLA.

But what ees eet you lose? We weel look for eet togezair. Would not zat be zhollee? (*Rises.*)

JIMMIE.

Yes, it would be zhollee, I'll tell the world! But, er—I don't believe I—come to think of it, I guess I lost it over there in the park. I'm very sure I did—

LOLA.

(*Slipping her arm through his.*)

Zen, my veree good frien', we shall take one leetle promenade in ze moonlight, and you shall tell me what ees eet zat you lose.

JIMMIE.

(*Going with her reluctantly.*)

It looks to me, Countess, as if I've lost a whole lot. (*Looks toward tent.*)

LOLA.

But be of good cheer, my frien'. We weel find eet.

JIMMIE.

I'm afraid we will, if I don't watch my step.

LOLA.

What ees zat, watch you' step?

JIMMIE.

Well, that's what caused all the trouble. I didn't watch my step. (*Casts a despairing glance toward tent.*)

LOLA.

(*As they go out.*)

Oh, you funny, funny man!

JIMMIE *and* LOLA *exeunt up R.* BETTY, *in mingled grief and anger, comes to door of tent and looks after them.* MRS. MUDGE *enters down L. She carries a ouija outfit under her arm.*

MRS. MUDGE.

(*Going to* BETTY.)

Well, dearie, how's the fortune telling going this evening?

BETTY.

Fortune telling? Oh, of course. Well, I haven't told any fortunes this evening. (*Choking with tears.*) Oh, Mrs. Mudge, I am *so* unhappy—

MRS. MUDGE.

(*Taking her in her arms with some difficulty, because of the ouija board.*)

Never mind, dearie, never mind. There ain't much in palmistry, anyhow. Now why don't you use this? Here's something that's real scientific, and you get messages on it that are wonderful; simply *wonderful!*

BETTY.

(*Not heeding her chatter.*)

Oh, I wish I was *dead!*

MRS. MUDGE.

You mustn't wish things like that. But still, I had the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte on the board this very afternoon, and he said that the spirit world was wonderful; simply *wonderful!* Now, I'll show you how it works. You look to me like you ought to be psychic. You have to be psychic, you know. Kind of vampirish. I'm very much that way. That's why it works so good for me. (*Looks for another chair.*) We've got to have a good place to set down—

BETTY.

Thank you, Mrs. Mudge, but please don't bother. I have a headache.

MRS. MUDGE.

I have headaches, too. That shows that you're psychic, dearie. After a see-ance I'm a wreck; a perfect *wreck!* (*Lays board in front of tent.*) I'll just fetch another chair, and we'll put ouija to work, and you'll see something wonderful; simply *wonderful!* (*Exit energetically up R.*)

JIMMIE *enters down R.*

JIMMIE.

(*Feigning unconcern.*)

Good evening, gypsy queen. I've come to get my fortune told.

BETTY.

(*Coldly.*)

I'm not telling fortunes just now, Mr. Barnes.

JIMMIE.

But that's what the sign says. And you told me this afternoon—

BETTY.

Whatever I told you this afternoon, I've quite for-

gotten. And the sign doesn't say that I'll tell *your* fortune.

JIMMIE.

(*Reaching into his pocket.*)

Better take the four bits for the church organ, anyway. My fortune's told already. A dark person has come with a bundle, and I'm in for some trouble with a blonde. (*Puts coin in her hand.*)

BETTY.

(*Throwing it down.*)

Don't you dare speak my name in the same breath with hers!

JIMMIE.

I didn't mention any names at all.

BETTY.

You didn't need to. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Barnes. Surprised! (*Shrugs.*) Not that I care, of course—

JIMMIE.

But listen, Betty. You've got a bum hunch. I haven't done anything—

BETTY.

Oh, *haven't* you?

JIMMIE.

No. That was just business. Of course—

BETTY.

Well, I must say that from all I saw you're a pretty energetic business man.

JIMMIE.

Say, Betty, if I thought more about business and less about you, do you suppose I would have given her the shake, just to come back to you, when I had her almost hooked and—

BETTY.

Mr. Barnes, you are the most *vulgar* creature that

it has ever been my ill-fortune to meet. Hooked, indeed! (*Stamps her foot.*) You can just go right back to her, if you like her so much, and devote yourself entirely to *business!* And you needn't say that you had anybody else almost *hooked*, for I've detested you ever since the moment I met you! (*Flings herself into the tent.*)

JIMMIE.

Throw out your clutch, girlie. You're exceeding the speed limit. Suppose you let *me* talk a little?

BETTY.

(*At the tent opening.*)

A *gentleman* would go when he is dismissed. I don't see why you bother, anyway. The last time you said you wanted to talk to me, you told me you were looking for a girl. Well, you seem to have found one!

JIMMIE.

(*Brightening.*)

That's just it. You see, nobody would tell me what her name was, and all I knew—

BETTY.

You seem to have *nerve* enough, Mr. Barnes, to accomplish your purpose without any help.

JIMMIE.

But, Betty—hang it all—can't you see that it's business? Why, every minute that I spend with her is just an investment, and—

BETTY.

Every minute that you spend with me is *charity*, I suppose? (*Remaining inside the tent, she throws the flap across the opening.*)

JIMMIE.

Well, if women aren't the most unreasonable—

LOLA *enters up R. When* JIMMIE *sees her he pretends to be searching on the ground.*

JIMMIE.

It certainly doesn't seem to be around here anywhere. (*Goes R.*) I'm sure it must have been over there—

LOLA.

But, my frien', if you weell only tell me what eet ees zat you have lost. (*Jokingly.*) I sought zat you had desairted me—so queeckly—

JIMMIE.

(*Forcing a laugh.*)

Countess, you're right there with the line of jazz, I'll tell the world. Now we'll go and look again. (*Tries to hurry her away.*)

LOLA.

We shall look in ze moonlight. I hope zat we shall find eet (*looks at him languishly*)—but not too queeckly!

JIMMIE.

(*Steering her down R.*)

It doesn't look as if we would. (*She precedes him off. As he follows he shakes his fist at her and looks despairingly toward tent. Exeunt* LOLA *and* JIMMIE *down R.*)

BETTY *throws tent flap back and steps out. She trips on ouija board and kicks it angrily toward L.* JACK *enters up L. He jumps to avoid being hit by board.*

JACK.

Oh, it's you, is it, Betty? Don't bother to kill me. It looks like I'm a dead one already.

BETTY.

Oh, Jack, I'm sorry! I didn't see anyone coming.

JACK.

Why—you've been crying! What's the matter?

BETTY.

(*Sniffing and dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief.*)

Nothing. Can't I cry if I want to?

JACK.

You sure can. I almost think I could join you.

BETTY.

Have you been having trouble, too?

JACK.

Trouble? Did you say *trouble?* Why, Betty, trouble is the only thing in addition to which I have nothing else.

BETTY.

Mary?

JACK.

You said it; Mary. And also her Aunt Jane, the wild-animal tamer, and the flock of imported royalty.

BETTY.

You think a lot of Mary, don't you, Jack?

JACK.

You said it again. You know, Betty, I want Mary to have the best in the world—in everything. If another fellow comes along and she likes him, and he's half-way good enough for Mary—well, then, he's a better man than I am, and I want her to get what she wants. But—

BETTY.

But what?

JACK.

Somehow or other, I can't help feeling that that pair aren't on the level. It was Mrs. Stoneham's

doings that they came here. Mary isn't so crazy about him. Anybody can see that. Oh, well, maybe I'm jealous.

BETTY.

(*Anxiously.*)

What makes you think that the count and his sister aren't—on the level?

JACK.

In the first place, she doesn't look any more like his sister than—you look like mine.

BETTY.

That's so. And in the second place?

JACK.

And in the second place—well, that's as far as I can go. It's just a feeling. I think they're putting up a game to get her money. Confound her money!

BETTY.

Aren't you glad she has it?

JACK.

I am, of course—for her sake. But for my sake, I wish that she was flat broke. I wish she hadn't a penny in the world. Then I could say, "Mary, will you marry me?"

BETTY.

Why not say it anyway?

JACK.

Not a chance. Whatever I haven't got, at least I have some self-respect. Of course, that fellow *may* have money. But I haven't seen him spend a nickel since he blew in. Oh, the devil take Mary's millions!

BETTY.

(*Smiling ruefully.*)

It looks as if the devil were trying to, doesn't it! But speaking of money, I want to ask you something. Is your road a safe investment?

JACK.

I hope it is. I consider the Consolidated Air Line the strongest, biggest, safest thing to be had. If it isn't I have more hard luck coming. I've got every cent I own tied up in it. It *has* to be good. Why?

BETTY.

Oh, Mr. Stoneham was going to ask you, and (*laughs*) then Mrs. Stoneham stopped him.

JACK.

(*Ironically.*)

Isn't that woman a wonderful friend of mine? She loves me like you love poison ivy. She's a fool, that woman is. Why, even her henpecked husband doesn't fall for the crude work of that painted, perfumed vampire—

BETTY.

(*Suddenly.*)

The countess? Is she a vampire?

JACK.

Well, she sure looks the part, doesn't she? She goes around—

BETTY.

(*Weeping on* JACK'S *shoulder.*)

Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie! Forgive me! You're not to blame if she's a vampire! Jimmie, oh—!

JACK.

(*Interrupting her.*)

Wait a minute. I'm not Jimmie. And what's he been doing with the countess?

BETTY.

(*Between sobs.*)

I don't k-n-o-w what he's been doing! But he's been acting t-e-r-r-i-b-l-y!

JACK.

(*Astonished.*)

Well, what do you know about that!

BETTY.

I know e-n-o-u-g-h about it! I saw him with his a-r-m around her! Oh! (*Weeps on* JACK's *shoulder. He pets her in a brotherly way.*)

JACK.

Well, Betty, you mustn't take on like that. Jimmie's all right. Maybe you imagined it.

BETTY.

Imagined it? And when he came back brazenly and told me that he had her "almost hooked"—I imagined that, too, I suppose? O-o-h! (*Her head is still resting on* JACK's *shoulder, and he is trying to comfort her, when*—)

JIMMIE *and* MARY *enter down R. They are both thunderstruck.* JACK *and* BETTY *do not observe them, nor hear the next five speeches.* JIMMIE *starts to rush at them and then changes his mind. He takes* MARY's *arm and tries to turn her around.*

JIMMIE.

(*Quietly.*)

Come away, Miss Manners. This is no place for a young girl.

MARY.

(*Looking at them over her shoulder.*)

Well I never, in all my life—!

JIMMIE.

You run along. I don't like to have ladies around when I do my murdering.

MARY.

They don't even know we're here.

JIMMIE.

(*Gesturing impressively.*)

They will in a minute. (*Goes close to* BETTY *and* JACK *and strikes a pose, with folded arms.*) Can I get my fortune told, too?

(BETTY *and* JACK *draw apart quickly.*)

BETTY.

(*Dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief.*)

Oh, Jimmie, you've come back! It was all a mistake!

JIMMIE.

(*Suspiciously.*)

Yes, that's what I told *you*. And now I suppose you'll tell me that *this* is all a mistake, too?

MARY.

(*Going toward them.*)

Betty, I *thought* that you were a friend of mine. This seems to explain a good many things.

JIMMIE.

I'm hanged if it explains a thing to me.

JACK.

Now wait a minute, folks. If you won't be quite so quick in jumping at conclusions—

MARY.

There is only one possible conclusion—

JIMMIE.

There are as many conclusions as there are women in the world. That's all I know.

JACK.

If you'll just let me explain—

BETTY.

(*Suddenly assertive.*)

Wait, Jack. *I'll* explain. (*Thinks a moment with*

a new idea, then takes a deep breath and says suddenly:) Jack and I are engaged!

JACK.

What?

MARY.

Engaged?

JIMMIE.

Well, I'll be—

BETTY.

(*Pulling at* JACK'S *sleeve.*)

We were going to keep it a secret, weren't we—Jack dear? (*Makes signs at him.*)

JACK.

Were we?

BETTY.

Yes, Jack dear! (*To the others.*) But it seems best that you should know—

MARY.

It's time that we should know, anyway!

BETTY.

(*Aside to* JACK.)

I have a hunch! You haven't lost her yet! Just back me up in this—

JIMMIE.

Well, Betty, I suppose it's good-by?

BETTY.

Oh, no. We're still friends. I want to have a l-o-n-g talk with you, and tell you a-l-l about it. And Jack wants to talk with you, Mary. He has ever so many things to say, haven't you—Jack dear? (*Nods her head vigorously so that* JACK *alone sees.*) Come on, Jimmie. (*Starts off up L.*)

JACK.

(*Aside to* BETTY.)

What'll I say to her?

BETTY.

(*Aside to him.*)

Anything. We're engaged. Make up the rest, and—lie like a thief! (*To* JIMMIE, *gaily.*) All right, Jimmie. (BETTY *and* JIMMIE *exeunt up L.*)

MARY.

(*Feigning disinterest.*)

Well, this *is* a surprise!

JACK.

Yes. Isn't it! (*Pulls at his collar, etc., and shows uneasiness.*)

MARY.

I think it is proper for me to congratulate you.

JACK.

Don't congratulate me. Congratulate Betty—she thought of it.

MARY.

What! Didn't *you* propose to *her?*

JACK.

I propose to her? To Betty? Why, the very—that is—I suppose I must have. Yes, of course I did. I'm crazy about Betty. She's crazy, too—about me.

MARY.

You both have concealed it very well. And then you didn't mean—what you said—to me—

JACK.

Why, you kept telling me it was—impossible—

MARY.

(*Sighing.*)

I suppose it was. That's what Aunt Jane said. But I had hoped it wasn't.

JACK.

Mary! Then you—

MARY.

But she says I have to marry Count De Selles. So I'm afraid I must.

JACK.

Aren't you grown up?

MARY.

She doesn't think so. She says it's just a girlish romance. But what do you care? You're engaged to Betty.

JACK.

But you don't really love that—that fellow?

MARY.

(*Matter of fact.*)

Good heavens! How could anybody? But Aunt Jane says people don't marry for love nowadays. She says it's old-fashioned; an exploded theory.

JACK.

Then you won't do anything—suddenly?

MARY.

Not likely! But what is it to you? You're engaged to Betty.

JACK.

That's right. But it might—it might not be permanent!

MARY.

Have you lost your senses entirely?

JACK.

I wouldn't be surprised.

JANE.

(*Off stage.*)

You *must* be patient with her, my dear Count! She is *such* a child!

JACK.

I—I guess it would sort of help if I drifted along, wouldn't it?

MARY.

Well, you know Aunt Jane.

JACK.

Unfortunately!

MARY.

Besides, you must be awfully lonesome for Betty.

JACK.

Betty? Oh, yes—of course. (*Exit up L.*)

JANE, VICTOR *and* LOLA *enter down R.*

JANE.

Mary, who was that here with you?

MARY.

With me?

JANE.

With you.

MARY.

I—I can't say that I noticed.

JANE.

I have been discussing the matter with the countess and your future husband—

MARY.

My what?

JANE.

Your future husband. They both agree that nothing is to be gained by delay.

MARY.

Delaying what?

JANE.

Your marriage, of course.

MARY.

But I haven't said that I would be married.

JANE.

You have nothing to do with it. *I* have said that you would. That is sufficient.

LOLA.

(*Ingratiatingly.*)

Eet ees zat you are so young, my dear leetle Marie, zat you do not know what you wish.

JANE.

I know what it is. It's that impudent young fellow who has been—

LOLA.

Oh, zat man? But, *ma chere* Marie, he ees not for you. I am a woman of ze world. I know.

VICTOR.

And I also am a man of ze world. Eet ees not me zat can be, what you say, bamboozled. When I see heem, I say to myself, zere ees one bad, bad man.

MARY.

How can you say such things? You are only talking. You don't know him.

JANE.

Oh, *don't* we? Countess, tell her your experience.

LOLA.

(*Feigning reticence.*)

Eet ees nosing zat I would weesh to tell petite Marie. But pairhaps eet ees best. *Ma cherie*, would you believe zat zis man have come to me, have eensult me—have tried to keess me—have put hees arm around me—(*covers her face with her hands*). Oh, but eet ees terrible!

MARY.

I don't believe it!

JANE.

Humph! Count, what is your impression?

VICTOR.

My seestair, she have say enough. But, eef you insis'—Miss Marie, have you foun' your necklace yet?

MARY.

No.

VICTOR.

You have lose your necklace in ze store. Ze young man was in ze store. I have go in ze store to find ze necklace. Zis pairson was alone. When I come, he put somesing in ze pocket. Of course (*shrugs*) I do not call heem t'ief. But I tell you what I see, and what I know. What else ees eet possible?

MARY.

Why do you torture me like this? I know he *didn't* take the necklace.

JANE.

Whatever you know or don't know, you know what our friends have seen for themselves. And *I* know, and the whole *village* knows, that he is trying to marry you for your money!

VICTOR.

(*Shocked.*)

Oh, zat any man could do such sings—

LOLA.

But such a monstair could do anysing!

MARY.

It is all talk—*talk!* Why don't you *prove* something?

POSITIONS.

LOLA. VICTOR.
JANE. MARY.

VICTOR.

Prove somesing? Aha! *Je comprends.* Be of patience, Meess Mannairs. Ze murdair, as ze provairb say, weell come forwaird! (*He takes the necklace from his pocket and, unobserved, hands it furtively to* LOLA, *with a significant gesture.*)

LOLA.

(*Concealing the necklace in her dress.*)

Eef eet ees prove, *ma cherie*, zat your gay friend who have insult me, zat he have take ze necklace, zen, pairhaps—?

MARY.

I don't believe a thing you have said. But if you prove—any of it—then I'll marry the count the very next minute! (LOLA *and* VICTOR *exchange encouraging glances.*)

JANE.

Sometime, my dear, you will realize that your Aunt knows what is best for you. Now show Count De Selles where the ice cream booth is. I am sure you both will enjoy it.

VICTOR.

Eet ees ze great happiness! (*Extends his arm with a flourish.* MARY *takes it listlessly.* MARY *and* VICTOR *exeunt down R.*)

JANE.

Now, my dear Countess, I don't know much about the styles in these foreign marriages, but of course what you have said about the marriage settlement is all right. I've heard about those things. Of course, fifty thousand dollars—

LOLA.

(*Deprecatingly.*)

A mere formality, chere Madame! Eet ees deestressing to spik of business, but eet ees *comme il faut* —what you say—ze always custom.

JANE.

Of course. Well, I've sent my husband to get the settlement—we always keep our securities at home, you know—and it will all be arranged very quickly.

LOLA.

Yes. Eet weell be well to have all zis finish. An' zen, when Mees Marie see her young frien' have take ze necklace—

JANE.

(*Eagerly.*)

Then you think he did?

LOLA.

Madame, you have advised me well zat he should be "intairested." He ees very much intairested—and I have learned enough!

JANE.

Wonderful! How can I thank you—

LOLA.

Do not sank me. I weell see him and intairest him some more.

JANE.

Then I'll go over and see the young people. (*Exit down R.*)

(LOLA, *down stage, takes out necklace and looks at it, caressing it adoringly. Then, with a shrug of renunciation, she replaces it in her gown. She starts across L., when*—)

JIMMIE *enters down L.*

JIMMIE.

(*Embarrassed.*)

Oh, hello. I thought it was—someone else.

LOLA.

(*Sweetly.*)

But could you weesh eet would be someone else? My frien', I have been so lonely wizout you. (*Looks at him languishly and sits on bench.*)

JIMMIE.

(*Struggling with himself.*)

Oh, gee-whiz! Well, for a million dollars—(*starts to sit.*)

LOLA.

(*Rising.*)

What?

JIMMIE.

(*With an embarrassed laugh.*)

I said you looked like a million dollars.

LOLA.

Oh. (*She smiles and sits.*)

JIMMIE.

I never knew anybody like you before. (*Sits by her.*)

LOLA.

(*Soulfully.*)

And I have never meet any man, anywhere, zat I like so much like I like you! (*Nestles close to him.*) You are so beeg, so fine, so strong! (*Slips arm around his shoulder and fusses with his necktie with her free hand.*)

JIMMIE.

Well, I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

LOLA.

(*Coyly.*)

Such a funny sing, zis American slang. And you are such a funny man, and I like you so veree, veree much. (*Gets necklace and drops it into his pocket.*) And I sink you like me, too, a leetle bit—pairhaps? (*Looks off L.*) Here comes someone. I sink I had bettair go!

JIMMIE.

(*With obvious relief.*)

Well, of course, I don't want to hurry you.

LOLA.

(*Blowing him a kiss.*)

Au revoir, *bon ami.* I weell see you—latair! (*Exit down R.*)

JACK *enters down L.*

JIMMIE.

(*Recognizing him.*)

Oh, be still, my beating heart! I thought it was Betty.

JACK.

I thought it was Betty here. Who was it?

JIMMIE.

My first customer. Boy, I'm going to sell enough stock to make us rich for life.

JACK.

To a woman?

JIMMIE.

Sure. Oh, you tried to keep me from getting wise, but I doped it out. Watch my smoke. I'll soon be accepting a check from the lady millionaire.

JACK.

Mary?

JIMMIE.

Whatch-a doing—kidding me? I guess I know a million dollars when I see it. It's the countess, of course. Any fool can see that.

JACK.

Yes, it takes a fool to. You poor fish!

JIMMIE.

(*Astounded.*)

You mean—it's Mary? Your Mary? And I thought—(*extends his hands*). Tie my hands together, will you? I'm going to jump in the lake! I've lost my one and only customer. I've lost my one and only girl. What is there to live for?

JACK.

(*Teasing him.*)

Well, you are a sad lover. I doped you for a mud horse with Dan Cupid up. Why, kid, it's always heavy going with a bunch of lace like Betty—

JIMMIE.

(*Pathetically.*)

Aw, cut it out, will you? (*Sudden thought.*) But then, why in thunder is the countess crazy about me?

JACK.

Who said she was?

JIMMIE.

Listen, if you could see the way she acts, nobody would need to *say* anything! Talk about fast work! She has chain lightning slowed down like the rural free delivery.

JACK.

Has she?

JIMMIE.

I'll say she has! And I had to follow along, because I thought I was going to make a big sale. And then Betty saw us, and—say! How about your being engaged to Betty?

JACK.

You'll have to ask Betty. Jimmie, old pal, that pair are working up some kind of rough stuff. In going after Mary's millions they don't mind going off the level. What do you think it means?

JIMMIE.

It means plenty of trouble for me.

Enter EZRA *up L.*

EZRA.

Jack, I've been lookin' for ye all over the lot.

I want to ask ye about this here Consolidated Air Line. Is it a good investment?

JACK.

Well, Mr. Stoneham, I have everything of mine in it—two thousand dollars. That shows what I think of it.

EZRA.

Waal, I want to buy some stock, and a lot of it, and in a hurry. Something that ain't so durned negotiable.

JIMMIE.

What do you mean?

EZRA.

Jane bothers me all the time. She just made me give her fifty thousand in government bonds—

JIMMIE.

Fifty thousand dollars!

EZRA.

Yep. An' she gave it to this here countess, an' says it's a marriage settlement—whatever that be.

JACK.

She gave Mary's money to that woman?

EZRA.

Yep. An' if I don't step lively, she'll give 'er the rest. So I want to tie it up good an' tight, where she can't git holt of it, and I cal'late this here consolidated—

JIMMIE.

How much do you want to put in?

EZRA.

Oh, I don't know. All they is left.

JACK.

Why, that's nearly three million. You shouldn't do it in a hurry—

EZRA.

Got to do it in a hurry, the way Jane's carryin' on, or it won't git did a-tall.

JIMMIE.

There's something in that. (*Looks significantly at* JACK.) Well, we'll help you pick out something good tomorrow—

EZRA.

Tomorrer my foot! We slap it all into Consolidated Air Line, an' we do it now. You're a stock broker, ain't ye? Come up to the house and git the durn stuff. (*Exit energetically up L.*)

JIMMIE.

Well, what do you know about that!

JACK.

Fifty thousand—gone!

JIMMIE.

And the rest going fast. Jack, old timer, we've got to get the boodle away from that pair of crooks.

JACK.

(*Dejectedly.*)

Easier said than done. Let's have a cigarette and try to dope it out.

JIMMIE.

(*Reaches for cigarette case and takes out necklace.*)

Say—what's this?

JACK.

It's a necklace—Mary's pearl necklace!

JIMMIE.

But how in thunder did I—did it—? (*Looks blankly at* JACK.)

JACK.

(*Taking necklace from him.*)

Give me that.

JIMMIE.

(*Dazed.*)

Sure. I don't want it.

JACK.

You big dub! Can't you see?

JIMMIE.

I'm stone blind.

JACK.

Did the countess, er—reach the affectionate stage?

JIMMIE.

I'll say she did!

JACK.

Planted!

JIMMIE.

(*Enlightened and chagrined.*)

Oh, you baby vamp! Jack, I'm going to get measured for a bib and hire a nurse. I'm mentally deficient. But why did she pick on me?

JACK.

That's the next question.

JIMMIE.

(*Doing some heavy thinking.*)

Wait a minute! I've got it! They're trying to frame you, and they think I'm the one who is in love with Mary!

JACK.

(*Chuckling softly.*)

I believe, my dear Watson, that you are improving. I'll keep the necklace.

JIMMIE.

But what'll you do?

JACK.

Wait till they spill their own beans. Meantime, they'll accuse you, and you'll be clear.

Enter EZRA *up L.*

EZRA.

Be you fellers comin'?

JACK.

All right. (*To* JIMMIE.) Let's go!

(EZRA, JACK *and* JIMMIE *exeunt L.*)

Enter BETTY *and* MRS. MUDGE *down R., the latter carrying a light chair or folding stool.*

MRS. MUDGE.

(*Taking chair to tent.*)

There now, dearie. I'll just show you how to tell fortunes if you want to be real scientific. (*Arranges the two chairs facing each other.*) Trying to read palms is all nonsense anyway—

BETTY.

Oh, Mrs. Mudge—I don't feel like being scientific.

MRS. MUDGE.

Wait till you see it work. (*Picks up board and planchette and sits on one of the chairs.*) Sit down, dearie, and I'll show you.

JANE.

(*Off stage.*)

Why, Count, you haven't had your fortune told yet. Come over here and we'll see the gypsy queen—

MRS. MUDGE.

There! Now's our chance.

JANE, VICTOR, LOLA *and* MARY *enter up R.*

JANE.

Betty, we've all come to get our fortunes told.

MRS. MUDGE.

Well, now, Mrs. Stoneham, you've come just at the right minute to get a regular scientific fortune. Betty's going to tell fortunes with the ouija board.

LOLA.

(*Interested.*)

Ze ouija board?

JANE.

How does it work?

MRS. MUDGE.

I'll show you. It answers any question you ask. You just need two people to run it that are psychic.

BETTY.

(*Indifferently.*)

I don't feel psychic this evening.

MRS. MUDGE.

Somebody has to help me. I can't work it alone. Who is real psychic? (*Looks from one to the other.*)

JANE.

Suppose you try, my dear Count? And we'll have your fortune told.

VICTOR.

(*With superstitious fear.*)

Oh,—no sank you! I am not—what you say—psychic.

LOLA.

(*With ill-concealed eagerness.*)

People have tell me zat I am psychic. Pairhaps I can help?

MRS. MUDGE.

Oh, yes, Countess, you have a real psychic look. Just set down. (LOLA *sits in the chair opposite* MRS. MUDGE, *who arranges the outfit on their knees.*) Now, just put your fingers on it, real light, and vacate your mind, and it will answer any question.

JANE.

What shall we ask? (*All are at a loss for a moment.*)

LOLA.

(*Craftily.*)

I am told zat ze ouija board can sometimes find ze sings which are lost?

JANE.

(*Thinking she has an original idea.*)

Then let's find out who stole Mary's necklace!

BOGGS *enters up R.*

BOGGS.

What's this about Mary's necklace?

MRS. MUDGE.

We are going to ask ouija who stole it.

BOGGS.

What? That crazy new-fangled fortune-tellin' board? (*Skeptically.*) Humph! I don't take no stock in 'em. I foller the dee-ductive method. I'm lookin' f'r clues right now. The constabule of Rocky Holler never sleeps! (VICTOR *fidgets.*) How does the durn thing work?

MRS. MUDGE.

Now, ouija—who stole Mary's necklace?

JACK *and* JIMMIE *enter up L., unobserved. They watch the group.*

POSITIONS.

Tent. JIMMIE. JACK.

BOGGS. BETTY.

LOLA. MRS. MUDGE.

JANE MARY.

VICTOR.

BOGGS.

I swan to glory! It's movin'!

MRS. MUDGE.

Concentrate, Countess! Concentrate! What does it say? My eyes are tight shut.

BETTY.

(*Looking over her shoulder.*)

"J"!

(VICTOR *is decidedly relieved.*)

JANE.

Well, I never!

BOGGS.

Thar she goes ag'in, dog my cats!

JANE.

"A"!

MARY.

(*Nervously.*)

It's perfectly absurd! I don't think people ought to fool with things like that.

VICTOR.

(*Placidly.*)

Eet ees very intairesting.

BOGGS.

I'll be gum swizzled! It's pointin' to "C"!

JANE.

J-A-C—

BOGGS.

Next letter's "K"!

JANE.

And it has stopped moving. I'm not a bit surprised. We know who stole the pearls. Mary, are you convinced?

MARY.

By playing tricks with silly old boards? Of course I'm not convinced!

JANE.

(*Seeing* JACK *and* JIMMIE.)

There they are now, that pair of precious rascals. Constable Boggs, I call on you to do your duty. Arrest the man who stole Mary's necklace. (*Points.*) There stands the thief!

JACK.

Who, me? Say, I reckon that's going pretty far, isn't it?

BOGGS.

Can't pinch nobody without no proof.

MARY.

It's absolutely monstrous! Of course there is no proof! There can't be!

JANE.

But the ouija board said—

BOGGS.

I don't take my clues off no Fiji board.

LOLA.

(*Seeing she has blundered.*)

I am sure—I am veree psychic, ees eet not so, Madame Moodge?—and I am veree sure it means ze ozair man! (*Points to* JIMMIE.)

BETTY.

Jimmie? Not in a thousand years!

MARY.

Of course not! It's the silliest nonsense!

JANE.

If it's nonsense, we can soon find out. I believe in the ouija board. I insist that Jack Henderson be searched. At once!

LOLA.

But I am sure eet mean ze ozair man!

JIMMIE.

Me? Say,—that's a funny joke.

MRS. MUDGE.

Well, the Countess is real psychic all right. I could feel her psychology all up and down my spine.

VICTOR.

(*Smoothly.*)

Eet ees very intairesting!

JIMMIE.

Come on, Boggsie. These birds are all from Missouri. Go ahead and frisk me. Oh, don't mind. I won't get mad.

JANE.

Search him, constable!

BOGGS.

I sure hate t' do it! (*Inspects* JIMMIE's *pockets rapidly*)—but no harm won't come from it, 'cause I guess I know a feller who's on the level when I see him. (*When he empties the pocket where the necklace was planted,* LOLA *stifles a cry of surprise with her handkerchief.* BOGGS *completes the search.*) Waal, folks, hope you're satisfied. Clean as a whistle.

LOLA.

But—let *me* look!

JIMMIE.

Go ahead, queenie. (*Takes her hand and opens it.*) But first let me see that the professor has nothing up the sleeve.

LOLA.

(*Having searched in vain, turns away angrily.*)

Eet ees—my meestake!

BOGGS.

Now for our French friend. (*Goes toward* VICTOR.)

VICTOR.

What ees zis?

JANE.

Mr. Boggs! What do you suggest? Don't touch that man!

BOGGS.

I won't touch him. I jest want to feel him an' see if he's real. Step up, Countie! (JANE *steps forward to interfere.* BOGGS *calmly pushes back his vest and thrusts his star at her. Then he looks fiercely at* VICTOR, *who comes to him.*)

VICTOR.

Such eensult!

BOGGS.

(*Searching* VICTOR *rapidly.*)

We'll find out about that. I'm lookin' f'r clues, an' the constabule of Rocky Holler never fails to catch his man!

VICTOR.

(*Jauntily.*)

But I have nosing to conceal.

BOGGS.

(*Having turned all* VICTOR'S *pockets inside out.*)

Nothin' to conceal is right. Nothin' but the evenin' breeze!

JANE.

Impertinence! But we have not yet listened to the ouija board. Constable, search Jack Henderson!

JACK.

(*Uneasily.*)

Me? Why, what an idea!

MARY.

Haven't we had enough of this silly nonsense?

JANE.

He was in the store when Mary lost her necklace. No one else was.

VICTOR.

(*Eagerly.*)

And I have seen him pick up somesing. But always he deny! Deny! Me, ze Count Victor De Selles,

I have been insult! Ees zis fortune huntair too good for ze same?

JANE.

(*To* BOGGS.)

I insist on your searching that man!

BOGGS.

Waal, Jack, it can't do no harm—

JACK.

I tell you I didn't steal the necklace! Isn't my word good?

JANE.

Not with us, it isn't.

JACK.

It's good with you, isn't it, Mary?

MARY.

(*Influenced by* JANE.)

You can easily prove your innocence to everybody. Let Abija search you.

JACK.

I swear to you, Mary—I swear to all of you—

VICTOR.

Aha! Again he deny! He refuse! He prove heemself guilty!

JANE.

Constable, you were looking for clues. I demand that you follow this one down!

BOGGS.

Waal, Jack, I got to look ye over. An' then we'll stop this monkey business.

JACK.

(*Quietly.*)

Never mind, Abija. (*Takes necklace from pocket and hands it to him.*) There's the necklace.

MARY.

Oh, Jack!

VICTOR.

Aha!

JACK.

I told you I didn't take it, and I say so again. I found it!

JANE.

Well, constable, do you still refuse to arrest him?

BOGGS.

Boy, I sure do hate to take you. But I reckon I got to!

JANE.

(*To* MARY.)

Now! You see?

MARY.

Victor, I accept your proposal. I said I would marry you any time. I will.

VICTOR.

My darleeng! My angel!

LOLA.

(*To* JANE.)

No time like ze present! She ees young! She ees deeffeecult! Let zem be married now! Eef you wish your niece to be a countess, now ees ze time!

JANE.

And Abija is justice of the peace. We'll do it! (*To* BOGGS.) Mr. Boggs, you have done your duty as constable. I now call on you as justice of the peace.

BOGGS.

Jestice of the peace? What fur?

JANE.

To unite my niece and the Count De Selles in marriage!

BOGGS.

Ain't got no license.

JANE.

You are the county clerk. You issue one right now.

MARY.

Oh, Aunt Jane!

JANE.

Not another word! You will learn how to keep a promise!

VICTOR.

Yes, yes! Ze marriage weell take place at once! (*To* MARY.) Oh, my rosebud! My shining star in ze moonlight! My—

BOGGS.

(*Shouting.*)

Hey! All you folks jest hold y'r hosses a minute. Before Jestice o' the Peace Boggs goes to splicin' any folks, Constabule Boggs will do some arrestin'. Count Victor De Selles, you're pinched!

VICTOR.

Peench?

JANE.

Monstrous! On what grounds?

BOGGS.

Right here on these grounds.

VICTOR.

(*Trying to outbluff his fright.*)

But wiz what am I charge?

BOGGS.

No charge. Free, gratis, f'r nothin'. Look at them pockets o' his'n. Plumb empty. Not a bean in 'em. Count Victor De Selles, you are completely broke, an' I therefore take pleasure in arrestin' you, under the sacred laws o' this here State o' New Hampshire, as a plain, ordinary, everyday, common vag! (*Snaps handcuffs on* VICTOR.) Come on, Jack!

VICTOR, JACK *and* BOGGS *exeunt down L.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

MARY'S MILLIONS

The Third Act.

Scene: *Same as Act I. Two days later.*

The curtain rises upon Ezra, *who is seated at the high desk, his shoulders hunched over, writing in the ledger.* Jimmie *enters R. E., whistling softly. He goes C. and stands with his hands in his pockets.*

Jimmie.

Morning, Mr. Stoneham.

Ezra.

(*Looking at* Jimmie, *then turning back to his book.*)

Humph!

Jimmie.

Any mail for me?

Ezra.

(*Peevishly, turning toward him.*)

You know durn well there ain't been no letters f'r you, n'r f'r anybody else, the last two days. How kin they be, sence somebody burned the railroad bridge at Maple Grove? 'Spect 'em to bring th' mail by airyplane?

Jimmie.

Well, well! That's too bad.

Ezra.

Yep. You're sorry—like a crocodile. Plays right into the hands of you conspirators. The idee o' that pig-headed Boggs leavin' the count locked up on bread an' water f'r two days, while the thief goes around on his own recognizance!

JIMMIE.

Well, no use arguing now. 'Bije caught the last train to the city before the bridge went down, and nothing can be done till he gets back.

EZRA.

And him appointin' you the jailor. Fine business!

LOLA *enters L. E.*

JIMMIE.

Good morning, Countess—(*imitating her*). My veree good frien'!

LOLA.

I do not spik wiz creemeenals. I shall appeal to ze consul! I shall—

JIMMIE.

Go as far as you like, dearie. No use confining yourself to taking newspapers and the neighbors' milk. (*Starting for R. E.*) Well, I guess I'll ramble along to the hoozgow and feed the animals. So long, sweetie! (*Exit R. E.*)

LOLA.

Monstair!

EZRA.

Kind o' funny, seems to me, how Abija got a excuse to pinch your brother in the fust place. How did he come to be broke?

LOLA.

Broke? Oh, wizout money? My brozair, he have a lofty mind, and he cannot sink of such sings as money. Ugh! Money! Eet make ze disgust!

EZRA.

Humph!

LOLA.

I shall send a message to some friends in New

York. I go now to ze telegraph office. (*Exit R. E.*)
(EZRA *looks after her, scratches his head with pen handle and resumes writing.*)

MARY *and* JANE *enter L. E.*

MARY.

But why scold me, Aunt Jane? You don't think I'm enjoying it, do you?

JANE.

You don't think the count is enjoying it, do you? The idea! Why the thieves are allowed to roam at large is beyond comprehension. And Boggs going away and leaving that disreputable Jimmie Barnes in charge of the poor, innocent count! It's an outrage!

MARY.

But, Aunt Jane—

JANE.

It's all your fault, you ungrateful child! If you had accepted the count in the first place you would have spared us all this awful humiliation!

MARY.

But, Aunt Jane—

JANE.

But no! You preferred a thief!

MARY.

How was I to know that he—

JANE.

Because I told you! And I am always right! This is all the gratitude I get for my loving care—

EZRA.

(*Out of patience.*)

Gosh all hemlock, Jane! How kin I do any figgerin' with a racket like that goin' on?

JANE.

Don't speak to me! If you had a spark of manhood you'd—(*losing all self-control*). If you don't like it, get out!

EZRA.

Humph! Good idee! (*Goes to L. E. and calls off.*) Hey, Eudory, come an' mind the store. (*Exit L. E.*)

JANE.

There! A thankless niece and a shiftless husband! The idea of his turning over your entire fortune for investment to those adventurers! Between you, you've ruined every chance—(*sees others coming and stops*).

JACK *and* BETTY *enter R. E.*

BETTY.

Hello, everybody.

JACK.

They say the bridge will be fixed any time and then the train can come through.

MARY.

Oh, if Abija would only come back!

JANE.

(*Getting between* MARY *and* JACK.)

Betty Barlowe! Have you no shame? Associating with criminals!

JACK.

Speaking personally, Mrs. Stoneham?

JANE.

(*Loftily.*)

I have no dealings with thieves and fortune hunters. Come, Mary! (*Exit L. E.*)

BETTY.

Wait a minute, Mary. (MARY *hesitates.*)

JACK.

I won't bite you. I'm harmless.

MARY.

Everything is so awfully mixed up.

BETTY.

Do you want to listen to a secret?

MARY.

You have already told me of your engagement. But I don't see why you insist on brazening it out. After—(*hesitates*).

BETTY.

(*Laughing.*)

But Jack isn't a thief, you silly girl!

MARY.

Then where did he get the necklace?

BETTY.

From Jimmie.

MARY.

(*Skeptically.*)

Is that what he says now?

BETTY.

That's what Jimmie says, too.

MARY.

Then where did Jimmie find it?

JACK.

In his pocket.

MARY.

Very likely!

JACK.

It doesn't sound very likely, but it happens to be true.

MARY.

Well, go on with your story. Who gave it to Jimmie?

JACK.

That's the end of *my* story. The rest is to be continued.

MARY.

Well, if it's true, why didn't you say something? What does Abija think?

JACK.

Boggs doesn't know. Time enough when we see what he finds out in New York. Meanwhile—watchful waiting.

BETTY.

Quiet! Here comes somebody!

Enter EUDORA, *followed by* JANE, *L. E.*

JANE.

Now, Eudora, keep a sharp eye on the store, and from this time on we will allow absolutely no loafing. There seems to be no police protection, but we'll keep all criminals out of the store if I have to use Ezra's shotgun myself! (*Glares at* JACK.) Mary! Come away from that creature! Do you intend to follow him to the penitentiary?

JACK.

(*Easily.*)

I reckon I don't want to be the cause of any target practice. Guess I'll be traveling.

JANE.

(*Viciously.*)

You'd better!

JACK.

(*Looking out R. E.*)

Hello, here comes the countess. Now I'm *sure* I don't want to hang around. Keep your eye open, Jimmie. So long, Mary. (*Exit casually, R. E.*)

JANE.

How long must we put up with such things?

LOLA *enters in a rage, R. E.*

LOLA.

Such eensult! Such outrage! I cannot send ze telegram! Zey send whole book! Zey—oh, eet ees too much!

JANE.

More criminal work! Do you know anything about this, Betty?

BETTY.

(*Innocently.*)

Jack seems to be converting a heathen friend in New York.

JANE.

What do you mean?

BETTY.

He's telegraphing the Bible. He started yesterday, and nobody can use the wire till he's finished

JANE.

To think that such things can happen in a civilized country! But I'm going to get decisive action! I'm going to appeal to the governor!

BETTY.

But how can you? The bridge down, the telegraph tied up—?

EUDORA.

(*Behind counter and idly leaning on it.*)

Looks to be as if we was quarantined as tight as if we all had smallpox.

JANE.

I'll complain to the village board!

Enter BOGGS, *R. E., unobserved. He stands in the doorway.*

EUDORA.

What's the use? Abija is the village board, besides bein' the constabule, jestice of the peace and county clerk.

BETTY.

Yes, and he's also chief of the fire department—

EUDORA.

Agent f'r the Great Eastern Millin' Company—

BETTY.

Supervisor of roads, and president of the school board—

EUDORA.

Agent for the Spread Eagle Harvester Company—

BOGGS.

(*Coming down and crossing to C., impressively, with thumbs in vest armholes.*)

Superintendent of the asylum, committee on ways an' means, chairman o' the poor board, movin' pitcher censor, county chairman—

JANE.

Viper!

BOGGS.

No, ma'am. They ain't been no snakes in Rocky Holler sence the eighteenth amendment—

JIMMIE *enters hastily, R. E.*

JIMMIE.

Mr. Boggs, I just heard the train was in and you were here. I want a few words with you, if you don't mind.

JANE.

Get out of this store, you wretch, or I'll put you out!

BOGGS.

Hey! We don't want no saltin' an' batterin' around here!

JANE.

Is there no such thing as justice? Oh, it is hopeless! Come, Countess! (*Exit angrily, followed by* LOLA, *L. E.*)

BOGGS.

Eudory, go an' watch her and see that she don't git violent. Gosh all hickory!

EUDORA.

Talk about your wild, wild women! (*Exit L. E.*)

BOGGS.

(*As she goes.*)

Oh, Eudory, you do say the durndest things!

JIMMIE.

(*Eagerly, to* BOGGS.)

Well, what did you find out in New York?

BOGGS.

Not a gosh durn thing. (*Takes knife and stick from hip pocket.*)

BETTY.

(*Greatly disappointed.*)

You didn't find any criminal record for either of them?

BOGGS.

(*Whittling.*)

How could I? They showed me about two million pitchers in their rogues' gallery, and asked me if I could identify 'em. I picked out a couple o' dozen and the durn cops blame near fired me out o' the ding-busted police station. Say, Jimmie, what's a cuckoo? That's what they said I was.

BETTY.

It looks as if we're going to have a hard time proving that they stole the necklace.

BOGGS.

Looks like Jack's goin' to have a time provin' that he *didn't* steal it. That's what's worryin' me.

JIMMIE.

Oh, he didn't steal it.

BOGGS.

I hope not. But where did he get it?

BETTY.

From Jimmie.

BOGGS.
(*To* JIMMIE.)

From you? (JIMMIE *nods.* BOGGS *snaps his knife shut.*) Waal, I wanta know! Have I got-a pinch you, now?

JIMMIE.

Any time you say. Go ask Jack. He'll tell you just what happened. (BOGGS *starts out.*) Oh, say, Mr. Boggs. (BOGGS *stops and turns.*) No use playing this waiting game any longer. Something tells me it's time for a show down. Tell Jack to call off his telegraph trust. Get your prisoner and bring him up here.

BOGGS.
(*Putting knife and stick in pocket.*)

What's the big idee?

JIMMIE.

I don't know. I've just got a hunch that a little third degree stuff would be healthy.

BOGGS.

Wall, I got-a leave him out some time, anyway. (*Exit R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

That's tough. I thought sure he'd get something on those birds from the New York cops. Are we out-a luck? I'll say we are.

BETTY.

What are you going to do?

JIMMIE.

Search me. I'm just hoping something will turn up. Say, Betty, on the level now—are you really engaged to Jack?

BETTY.

Well, supposing I weren't—what then?

JIMMIE.

Then supposing you were engaged to me.

BETTY.

All right,—supposing first that you had asked me.

JIMMIE.

Well, then, supposing you found out that I—had been—in a crooked deal?

BETTY.

Jimmie! Surely—not the necklace?

JIMMIE.

Of course not. I don't steal things—intentionally. But if you found out that I had been mixed up with—well, to be frank, with a gang of swindlers?

BETTY.

(*Coolly.*)

Why, naturally, I'd break off our engagement.

JIMMIE.

Then I'm glad the engagement is imaginary.

BETTY.

Do you mean—what you said is—true?

JIMMIE.

Here's the layout. I discovered right after I came out here that the brokers I'm working for aren't straight. They're shoving a lot of phoney stuff.

BETTY.

Then why didn't you expose them?

JIMMIE.

Because Jack was mixed up in this air line.

BETTY.

Jack, too?

JIMMIE.

Oh, Jack thinks it's all on the level. Why, he has every bit of his savings tied up in it! And I've been

hoping that this project, at least, was O. K. They seem to be operating. Still it looks fishy. But until I get *evidence*, I can't tell Jack he's playing in a swindle.

BETTY.

Well?

JIMMIE.

I wanted to be square with you, that's all. Jack or no Jack, I'm going to get a sure enough white man's job, and then I'm going to propose to you again—

BETTY.

Again? You have to do a thing once before you can do it again. But Jimmie. Are you sure you're honest? You've been trying to sell stock to the countess!

JIMMIE.

Oh, well, you can tell by her looks that if she had any money she must have stolen it from somebody.

BETTY.

(*Mischievously.*)

You noticed that as soon as you saw her, didn't you?

JIMMIE.

Have a heart, will you? I know I'm a poor dub, but—

BOGGS.

(*Off stage.*)

Come on, your royal highness! Step lively! Giddap!

Enter VICTOR, *R. E., handcuffed and dressed as in Act II, but much the worse for wear. He is sullen and tries to appear defiant. He is propelled into the store by the boot of* BOGGS, *who follows him in.*

JIMMIE.

Where's Jack?

BOGGS.

Decided his friend was converted, and went over to call off the Sunday School lesson. He'll be along directly. (*Crosses to L. and sits on high stool, with his back against the desk. He faces R. and places his elbows comfortably against the desk.*)

Enter JANE, *L. E., followed by* EZRA.

JANE.

What's all this racket? (*Sees* VICTOR.) Well, Abija, you're coming to your senses. Take off those handcuffs!

VICTOR.

I am eensult! I am abuse! I am treat like one fat peeg! I am—

BOGGS.

(*Deliberately but firmly.*)

Sit down and fan yourself, Count. Your collar's wilted. (*Takes out knife and stick.*)

EZRA.

Bije, ain't it time f'r us to have a leetle peace an' quiet—?

BOGGS.

It's time to have so'thin', Ezry, but I don't know jest yit what it'll be.

MARY *enters L. E.* EUDORA *follows her and stands, half-frightened but curious, in the doorway.*

MARY.

Oh, Aunt Jane. I—

JANE.

Go away, child. This is no place—

BOGGS.

Leave her stay right here, Aunt Jane. We want all the witnesses. Where's the Countess?

EUDORA.

(*Excitedly.*)

She's in the house, Bije!

BOGGS.

Fetch her in.

EUDORA *exits L. E.* MRS. MUDGE *enters R. E.*

MRS. MUDGE.

(*Out of breath.*)

Oh, dear me! I saw Mr. Boggs bring the count up here, and I just had the spirit of William the Conqueror on the ouija board, and something told me—

BOGGS.

(*Pounding on desk with ink well.*)

Order in the court! Shut up! Order! An' nobody hadn't better yell ham an' eggs, 'cause I ain't feelin' comical!

JACK *enters R. E. He is very quiet and shows the effect of a sudden shock.*

JANE.

There's the man that ought to have handcuffs on. And he will have, soon enough! We'll see to that!

LOLA *enters L. E., followed by* EUDORA.

BOGGS.

(*Sternly, and ponding as before.*)

Shut up! Order in the court! (*Sees* JACK's *expression and speaks in a kindly tone.*) Why, son, somethin's happened. What's wrong?

JACK.

(*Quietly, but with agitation.*)

The Consolidated Air Line. It's gone to smash. It's failed. (*Holds out a telegram.*)

(JIMMIE *and* BETTY *exchange glances.* BOGGS *resumes whittling.*)

EZRA.

Busted! An' all o' Mary's millions gone with it!

JANE.

Ezra, why on earth did you—

EZRA.

Waal, that feller (*indicating* JIMMIE) told me it was O. K. so I bought the stock with Mary's money—

JANE.

But why?

EZRA.

(*Desperately.*)

To keep you from gettin' it, if ye want to know! (*Weakly.*) It was ag'in my own judgment, but they told me—him an' Jack both—

JANE.

Aha! I thought so! Well, Jack Henderson, you don't confine yourself to stealing jewelry. You victimize a poor, feeble-minded old man—

EZRA.

(*Aroused.*)

Hey?

BOGGS.

(*Pounding.*)

Hold y'r hosses an' shut up, the hull gosh durn crowd! Where do you think you are, in—(*mentions nearby insane asylum*)? Order! Now, Jimmie, what you got to say?

JIMMIE.

He wanted to invest in a hurry. I advised him to think it over, because it was such a large sum, and—

JANE.

I insist that they both be arrested at once, as swindlers! He has made my niece a pauper!

MARY.

Well, Aunt Jane, he's lost all his own money, too.

Everything he had was in the Air Line. Wasn't it, Jack? (JACK *nods.*)

JANE.

(*Loudly.*)

It's all talking and nothing doing! I want to see some action taken—!

BOGGS.

(*Interrupting and picking up ink well as if to throw it at her.*)

You want to see action? How'd you like to see a murder? Order in the court! Waal, Jack, you're accused o' swindlin'—

JIMMIE.

Wait a minute, Mr. Boggs. I'll assume that charge, to save time, and plead guilty.

BETTY.

Guilty? Oh, Jimmie!

JIMMIE.

What's next on the docket?

BOGGS.

(*Frowning judicially.*)

We now come to the illegal burglary of this here necklace. (*Takes necklace from vest pocket and holds it in the palm of his hand.*) Now, Count, you say Miss Manners sent you here to get the necklace that she dropped. (VICTOR *nods eagerly.*) An' you say when you come in you seen Mr. Henderson pick up the necklace an' stuff it in his pocket?

VICTOR.

(*Excitedly.*)

Zat ees eet, *precisement!* I see heem pick up ze necklace an' put een ze pocket!

BOGGS.

You sure it was this here? (*Holds it out.*)

VICTOR.

I can mek no meestake!

BOGGS.

All right, Jack. What you got to say? (*Hands necklace to* MARY *and resumes whittling.*)

JACK.

Nothing new. I was here when Mary went out. I sat here smoking. She came back looking for the necklace. I didn't see the necklace. I didn't see the count. That evening Jimmie found the necklace in his pocket. I suspected it was a frame-up, so I took it. Then if he was accused, he wouldn't be the victim. You saw what happened.

BOGGS.

(*Meditatively.*)

Humph! (*Pause.*) Waal, Count, the fust time you told about it, you said you saw him pick up *somethin'* an' left the rest to insinooation. Now you reckonize the necklace as what he picked up. Humph! (*Pause.*) Now, if I was findin' somethin' vallyble with a view to keepin' it, I kind o' think I'd have my eye peeled. Don't hardly cal'late I'd have my back turned towards the door where somebody might see me. An' if anybody seen me, I cal'late they'd reckonize what I picked up, right off, if they could remember it so good two days later.

LOLA.

(*Uneasily.*)

Well, zee necklace ees found, and eet ees returned. Eef zis man deny eet, pairhaps—(*shrugs*)—pairhaps my brozair have mek meestake. Who knows? What matter? Eet ees feenish.

VICTOR.

(*Following* LOLA'S *lead.*)

Bien! Eet ees feenish. Eet ees best to forget. Meess Marie's money eet ees gone, but zee necklace ees found. Eet ees feenish.

BOGGS.

Not by a jug full, it ain't. Set down, Count. We still got the mystery of how it come to be in Jimmie's pocket.

JANE.

Humph! You still insist that that is a mystery? Why, if you had human intelligence—(BOGGS *picks up ink well menacingly and she subsides*).

BOGGS.

Waal, folks, they is jest two people to be suspected—Jack an' the count. It was found on Jack. He got it off Jimmie. Where did Jimmie git it? From Jack, maybe. Only—he didn't. He got it off of the countess. (*Snaps knife shut and puts it in his pocket.*)

LOLA.

What you say? From me?

JANE.

From the countess?

LOLA.

Eet ees a lie!

BOGGS.

(*Gesturing with stick.*)

Keerful, old gal. Chickens come hum to roost.

LOLA.

How dare you to say—

BOGGS.

I dare to say it, because I was behind the fortune tellin' tent, an' I seen you drop it into his pocket! Now who's a liar? (*Takes out knife and resumes*

whittling. LOLA *and* VICTOR *sulk in silence that is a confession of their guilt. All others indicate amazement.*)

MARY.

Jack! Will you forgive me? (*Goes to* JACK *penitently and puts her hand in his.*)

JANE.

Keep away from him! You are still engaged to the count!

VICTOR.

Oh, I mek no claim. Eet ees feenish!

BOGGS.

(*Philosophically.*)

Funny what a difference just a few millions make.

JANE.

(*Glaring at* MARY.)

It's all your fault! You've brought all this trouble on us—you and your money. Before you came home with your fan-dangled ideas, we were as happy as could be. And you have brought us to—this! I don't care what becomes of you!

JACK.

I'm broke, Mary. So are you. But while I have two hands we needn't think seriously of the poor house. Aunt Jane loves us both the same way. What do you say?

MARY.

It cost me three million dollars to get my freedom (*looks at* JANE), but when freedom means—you (*looking at him*)—I think I got a bargain.

BOGGS.

(*To* LOLA *and* VICTOR.)

Waal, nobility, what you goin' to do? Come clean now, 'r take a nice long vacation in a stone house? Mary, do you want to prosecute 'em?

MARY.

I don't want anything but to see the last of them.

BOGGS.

That's my idee. A big trial would be too expensive f'r sech fry. This is bargain day, an' things is goin' cheap. Waal, what do you say, you gold brick twins? Tell the truth, an' we'll leave you go.

LOLA.

What else can we do?

BOGGS.

Do you an' little Vickie confess to havin' stolen the necklace an' plantin' it on Jimmie?

LOLA.

Eet was meestake. I sought eet was ze ozair man.

BOGGS.

(*Throwing a bunch of keys to* JACK.)

Take off the bracelets, Jack, an' kick 'em to'rds the deppo. I'll fetch their baggage down in the hack, afore train time. They can walk. They're lucky to git the chance.

(JACK *removes handcuffs from* VICTOR.)

JIMMIE.

(*Who has been struggling with a problem.*)

But Boggs—if you saw it all from behind the tent, why didn't you say so before, and save a lot of trouble?

BOGGS.

I may be a rube constabule, Jimmie, but in my day I was the champeen poker player of Stony Holler.

EZRA.

This ain't no poker game, Bije.

BOGGS.

Is that so! Jimmie, when you got a bum hand, an' you got a hunch the other cuss is four-flushin', what do you do?

JIMMIE.

Bluff.

BOGGS.

(*Winking shrewdly.*)

You'd be surprised!

LOLA.

(*Who has been listening from near R. E.*)

He did not see me?

VICTOR.

Eet was a trick!

BOGGS.

(*Laughing.*)

The third degree, trimmed with hayseed. Waal, I got y'r confession, with plenty o' witnesses. Git out, both o' you crooks, before—

(VICTOR *and* LOLA *start out hastily.* JIMMIE *jumps to R. E. and stands in doorway.*)

JIMMIE.

First they'll kick in with that fifty thousand that they bunked out of dear Aunt Jane.

(VICTOR *looks helplessly at* LOLA, *who thinks a moment, then draws up proudly.*)

LOLA.

As for *zat,* you have no weetnesses, no confession. Eef Madame say she give me anysing, I say eet ees mistake. She can prove nosing! We can play zis pokair game ourself.

BOGGS.

(*To* JANE.)

Ain't you got nothin' on 'em at all? (JANE *shakes her head.*) Gosh all hemlocks. Stung!

MARY.

I don't care. I have Jack. And good things are expensive.

LOLA.

(*To* JIMMIE.)

Eet ees finish! Will you pairmit us to go?

JIMMIE.

Those certificates that Mrs. Stoneham gave you are all numbered, Countess. And Mr. Stoneham has the numbers. Will you kick in now, or stick to your bluff and be nabbed in the city? Gee, some folks just naturally flirt with the penitentiary.

LOLA.

Numbairs?

JIMMIE.

Every one of them. You try to cash them or turn them over and see what happens. No witnesses? Why, they are the best witnesses in the world. As long as you keep them, you carry the evidence of your own fraud. Come on. (*Holds out his hand.*) You're stung. Kick in. Come clean! (*Snaps his fingers impatiently.*)

(LOLA *looks at him desperately a moment. Seeing no chance for further evasion, she draws a large envelope from within her gown and thrusts it at him savagely.*)

JIMMIE.

(*Taking it.*)

Just a moment. I want to check up the gate receipts. (*Opens envelope flap and runs through contents with his finger.*) All right. It's all here.

EZRA.

Hey, Jimmie. I didn't have the numbers o' them stifficates. How did you know what they was?

JIMMIE.

I didn't know.

BOGGS.

Then how did you—?

JIMMIE.

(*Winking.*)

You'd be surprised!

BOGGS.

(*After a brief pause.*)

Oh, boy, I'd hate to play poker with you!

LOLA.

Sweendled again!

VICTOR.

A thousand peegs!

BOGGS.

Git out! If we deal another hand you may lose your plug hat.

(LOLA *and* VICTOR *exeunt, in confusion, R. E.*)

MRS. MUDGE.

Oh, dear. I'm afraid them burglars will steal my ouija board. They won't stop at anything. Excuse me, folks. (*Exit R. E.*)

JIMMIE.

Here's your settlement, Mary. (*Hands the envelope to her.*) It ought to come in kind of handy.

MARY.

Take care of it, Jack. It's such a nuisance.

JACK.

But Mary—I'm broke, and you're wealthy again. It would never do for you to marry me now—

MARY.

(*Matter of fact.*)

If you're broke, you certainly can't afford to be sued for breach of promise, can you? (*Smiles at*

him.) Take the mean old envelope, you silly boy. (*Hands envelope to him.*)

JANE.

What? You aren't going to throw your money away on that worthless—?

BOGGS.

(*Pounding on desk.*)

Order! Order!

EZRA.

(*Suddenly getting his nerve.*)

Git out o' here, Jane! I'm the boss o' this ranch, an' I don't care who knows it! Leave her marry who she gosh-durn likes!

JANE.

(*Amazed.*)

Why, Ezra!

EZRA.

(*Furiously.*)

You been makin' my life miserable f'r twenty year, but you're *done!* You go long, 'fore I lose my temper!

JANE, *frightened and amazed, exit L. E.*

BOGGS.

(*In quiet surprise.*)

Ezry, what you been drinkin'?

EZRA.

(*Winking at him.*)

You'd be surprised! (*Exit masterfully L. E.*)

JIMMIE.

Well, if you're really going to take each other for better or worse, I may as well confess, Jack, you get not only Mary, but all of Mary's millions.

MARY.

But it's lost.

JIMMIE.

The company is, but the money isn't. I thought the concern was fishy, so I didn't make the transfer.

BETTY.

He's saved it all for you, Mary. Isn't my Jimmie smart?

MARY.

Your Jimmie? Then you're engaged?

BETTY.

We will be as soon as he asks me. He's been anxious to, ever since Jack and I bluffed him with the trick engagement.

JIMMIE.

(*Disconsolately.*)

I'm likely to ask you, with a record as a fake stock salesman.

JACK.

But that Air Line didn't need to be a fake. It's a sound proposition. There's a big thing there, for the right man with capital—

MARY.

Why not, then?

JACK.

What? (*Seeing her meaning.*) With your money? Never.

MARY.

It's my money, isn't it? Well, then. We're going to start a real, honest-to-goodness company, and put that railroad through! (*To* JACK.) You're president. (*To* JIMMIE.) You're treasurer. You're going to have some real stock to sell, young man.

JIMMIE.

Mary, that's a wonderful hunch!

JACK.

It can be done, all right.

JIMMIE.

And we'll put it over. Now we'll work out the details—

MARY.

Oh, bother. Time enough for that after the honeymoon.

BOGGS.

Honeymoon? Come on, Eudory. Let's go over to the parsonage. (*Takes her hand and they start out R. E.*)

JACK.

Say, what are you folks going to do?

EUDORA.

(*Looking back and winking.*)

You'd be surprised!

BOGGS.

(*As he goes out the door with her.*)

Eudory, you do say the durndest things!

CURTAIN.

When Smith Stepped Out

BY

HARRY OSBORNE

A COMEDY, in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, about 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior throughout.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

William Horace Smith.....Uncle Bill
George Smith.....His Nephew
Richard Keene.....A Detective
Bob Stanley.....A Wooer
Mrs. George Smith.....Nellie
Muriel Armitage.....Her Younger Sister
Miss Winslow .....A Spinster
Hilda.....The Maid at the Smith's

Did you ever stop to think how dangerous it is to carry a loaded revolver? Dear, old, absent-minded Uncle Bill Smith, from Australia on a visit, starts something difficult to finish when he steps out for his evening walk with a revolver in his pocket. He innocently robs a man of his watch, loses his hat, gives the detective a merry chase, almost sees the inside of a jail and just escapes the matrimonial clutches of a desperate spinster. He all but breaks up one peaceful home but starts another by getting a bashful lover to propose and in the end has everyone stepping about as lively as the kangaroo from his native Australia. It all happens quickly, laughingly, mysteriously and thrillingly. After two hours of fast fun the audience will discover that melancholy, indigestion and worries have all stepped out with the sick detective who left just as the curtain dropped. No star part, but strong characterization throughout, easily within the range of amateurs.

Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of ***ten dollars*** *required for amateur performance.* **Price, Per Copy, 50 Cents**

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers
154 West Randolph Street CHICAGO

Whose Little Bride Are You?

BY

EDITH ELLIS

A FARCE Comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scene: 1 handsomely furnished living room. This play was written by the author of "Mary Jane's Pa" and other nation-wide successes.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Benjamin Bellows.A Sentimental Retired Physician
Algernon Clawhammer...His Prospective Son-In-Law
Augustus May.....His Butler
Simeon Singleton.....His Old Friend
George Tobin.....His Prospective Step-Son
Florence Bellows.....His Charming Daughter
Mrs. MacEckron.....His Neighbor
Dolly MacEckron.....Her Daughter
Maggie Brady.....The Maid
Mrs. Amelia Tobin.....The Bride-To-Be

At the beginning one potential bride is visible; before the final curtain the woods, so to speak, are full of them. The brides range in assortment from the little flapper not yet out of her teens, to the seasoned 200-pound campaigner who has worn the orange blossoms no less than four times. Matrimonial pairing proceeds even to the butler and the housemaid. Mistaken identity furnishes an unusual measure of complications until it actually becomes a problem as to which little bride is which, or who. Plot, situations and dialogue dovetail perfectly. The incidents are as humorous and rapid-fire as ever went into a play. It is especially adapted to amateurs, the parts being so vividly characterized and the action so continuous that the piece virtually carries itself.

Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of ***fifteen dollars*** *required for amateur performance.* **Price, Per Copy, 50 Cents**

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers
154 West Randolph Street CHICAGO

Plays for Schools and Colleges

THE HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN
By Charles Ulrich. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 males. Time, 2 hours. Price, 25 Cents.

THE KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 12 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

MACBETH A LA MODE
By Walter Ben Hare. Burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females. Time, 1¼ hours. Price, 25 Cents.

MRS. TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN
By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 4 males, 7 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A POOR MARRIED MAN
By Walter Ben Hare. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A PRAIRIE ROSE
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy-drama in 4 acts; 7 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE REAL THING AFTER ALL
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 7 males, 9 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

RE-TAMING OF THE SHREW
By John W. Postgate, Shakespearean travesty in 1 act; 6 males, 5 females. Time, 45 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

RUTH IN A RUSH
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

SAVAGELAND
By Walter Ben Hare. Musical comedy in 2 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 75 Cents.

SING A SONG OF SENIORS
By Lindsey Barbee. Comedietta; 7 females. Time, 30 minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

STAR BRIGHT
By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

ZARAGUETA OR MONEY TALKS
Translated from the Spanish by Clarence Stratton. Comedy in 2 acts; 7 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers
154 West Randolph Street CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 973 810 3

Standard and Amateur Plays

Our list of plays comprises hundreds of titles; dramas, comedies, farces, vaudeville sketches, monologues, entertainments, etc. All shades of sentiment are represented, all varieties of talent, number of characters and time required in presentation are provided for in this list.

Popular Entertainment Books

Under this heading are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field, Dialogues, for all ages, Speakers, Recitations, Monologues, Drills, Entertainments, suitable for all occasions, Jokes, Minstrels, Hand Books, etc. Over sixty titles. These books are not filled with old material, rehashed and simply made to sell; they are fresh and original matter, each written by a specialist in his given line. The books are finely made, clear print, good paper and each has a most attractive, individual cover design. One of the best and most complete entertainment series published. *Paper Binding Only.*

Send for Complete Descriptive Catalogue

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

154 West Randolph Street CHICAGO